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body else down?"

an' settle it.

nificantly.

turn that t'other way.'

realized what had happened.

No. 265.

The-man-from-Red-Dog reclined against the door, and looked around him with a stupefied air. The blow had been so sudden and terrible in its force, that it was plain that he did not realize what had occurred. 'A right peart airthquake; beats Red Dog all holler," he exclaimed. "Did it knock any-

Then his eyes fell upon Talbot, who, with leveled revolver, stood in the center of the sa-

"Halloo! what 'er 'bout?" the miner cried;

"You cowardly hound! You come here expressly to pick a quarrel, and now you want to back out of it," Talbot said, in contempt. Dandy Jim—so the miner was called—felt of the terrible wound in his cheek, from which the blood was slowly trickling, and suddenly

"See hyer, give a man a chance. I kin chaw you up with a fair show." The giant slowly rose to his feet. "You put down your w'epons an' I'll put down mine. We kin go outside

"If you haven't got enough, there's more where the first come from," Talbot said, sig-



"Reckon I'd better travel," said Dandy Jim. "You've got too many airthquakes round hyer fur me."

ALONE

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Here in the twilight's shadows
I'm sitting all alone,
And my thoughts are drifting backward
To days forever flown.
And I think of faces, hidden
Under the drifted snow,

Where the robins sing in summe And the daisies bud and blow.

Oh, faces of loved and lost ones
Hidden deep under snow,
Oh, voices whose tender music
Was hushed so long ago.
If you could but come to us, sometime,
The width of a grave across,
To tell us we are not forgotten,
We could better bear your loss.

# Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," " WOLH DEMON." "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER IV. THE MAN FROM RED DOG.
"WHAT'S the matter, Dick?" asked the girl,

anxiously. 'Oh. nothing: only a little nervous attack,

that's all," he replied, recovering himself with a great effort.

Talbot sat facing the door, while Jinnie had her back to it, so that she had not noticed the

entrance of the stranger. "Good-evenin, Miss Jinnie," said Bill, the driver, advancing to the girl. Mr. Rennet and Bernice followed; both of them had seen so many strange sights in their western journey,

that they were not much surprised when Bill ed Jinnie as the hotel owner. I'll do the best I can for you, Miss," said Jinnie, politely, when she learned that it was the intention of the strangers to remain with her for a week or so. "But, we're pretty well crowded; we hain't got many rooms, but

I reckon I'll be able to fix you, someway."
"You can have my room, Jinnie," Talbot said, his head down, resting on his arms, which were laid upon the table, and thus hiding his

features from view. Bernice and the old lawyer looked at Talbot in astonishment, his appearance was so different from the rest of the inmates of the

But, where will you go, Dick?" asked Jinnie, anxiously.

"Oh, anywhere; I'll get along well enough," Dick replied, never raising his head from the

tones of Jinnie

Talbot shivered when the tones of Bernice's voice fell on his ears, as though an icy wind, fresh from the north, had blown full upon

"This way, Miss; I'll show you to your

"You'll be as snug as a pint of bourbon in a miner's gullet, old hoss!" Bill exclaimed slapping Rennet familiarly on the back, with his huge paw. "Say, I hope you allers keep your own side of the bed, 'cos when I bunks in with strangers, I allers go to bed with spurs

"Yes, yes, I see—quite a joke," said the old lawyer, affecting to enjoy the remark of the facetious stage-driver, though, in his heart, he cursed the fellow's insoler As Bernice passed by Bill, following Jinnie,

"What is the name of that gentleman in black?" indicating Talbot, as she spoke.

"Injun Dick!" "Indian Dick!" Bernice exclaimed, in amazement, at the strange appellation.
"Yes, sirree! Injun Dick Talbot. He's the

big shanghae round this ranche.' Without further words, Bernice left the room following Jinnie and the old lawyer. She had taken a sudden and strange interest in the stranger, whose voice alone she had heard; whose face she had not seen.

Bernice found that the room assigned to her was in the front of the building and looked out upon the only street of which Spur City could

It was small, plainly-furnished, but fitted up neatly and tastily. A woman's hand, though, was plainly evident in the simple adornments. In the silence of the little room, Bernice pondered first on the man who bore the strange name of "Injun Dick," and then upon the masked horsemen who had pronounced her name at the first glance.

Something tells me that here in this place I shall find what I seek," she murmured, as she prepared to disrobe for bed.

Hardly had she commenced to undress, when a terrible series of yells, coming from the saloon below, fell upon her ears. She paused to

After Jinnie and the two strangers left the saloon. Talbot raised his head and looked around him. His face was pale as the face of the dead; great drops of sweat stood like orient pearls upon his white forehead, which the

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Ber- | the hot sun-kiss, that had bronzed the rest of nice said, in the low, sweet, lady-like voice, his face. A strange expression was upon his feller that wears kid gloves an' store clothes? that was such a contrast to the clear, ringing usually calm features. What had so excited howled the stranger. "Let him step out an' Injun Dick, who had been known to face a look at me! I kin frighten him into a grease dozen angry men, with brandishing weapons spot! in their hands, with a smile upon his lip and a

bitter taunt upon his tongue?
"I must get out of this," he murmured, restessly; "the mountain canon and the shelter of room at once; and you, sir," said Jinnie, addressing the old lawyer, "Pil have to put you in the room with Bill, here. It's the best I can the sake of a woman like her, Pd walk over burning coals: but I must fly from her. I feel that she will bring me ill luck; I must get out | ite.

Talbot arose from his seat and approached

"Give me some whisky," he said. The Chinaman handed down the bottle, in onishment. He had never known Talbot to

call for raw spirits before. Dick filled a glass brimming full, and drank off as if it had been so much water. "The liquor seems to have lost its strength," he murmured, an ugly look in his restless

"How much, heathen?" "Six bitee," replied Ah Ling.
Talbot tossed the money upon the counter, and turned to leave the saloon. He longed for the fresh air that, laden with the balm of the

pine, swept from the white peaks down along the river valley. The potent spirits had lost their power. The ervous action of the brain, roused into being, defied the fumes of the whisky to overcome it. Yet Talbot would fain have stilled the busy

loughts that were working in his brain. As Talbot turned, a burly, black-bearded fellow, gigantic in size, clad in a ragged, redflannel shirt, butternut-colored breech into huge boots, and a high-crowned felt hat, rolled, with an unsteady motion, into the sa-The stranger was covered with yellow mud from head to foot, as if he had lain down and taken a bath in the middle of the street. A belt strapped around his waist supported two revolvers and a huge bowie-knife.

After the stranger got fairly into the saloon, he steadied himself and looked around him with an air of drunken gravity. All eyes, of

course, were fixed upon him. "I'm the — man—from — Red—Dog, (hic), wake snakes an' come at me! Yar-who-oooop!" and he indulged in a prolonged yell. It was the drunken yell of the representative from Red Dog that had disturbed Bernice in miner.

After delivering his defiance, the stranger looked around him.

The inmates of the saloon naturally glanced toward Talbot, who stood leaning on the bar, an evil look in his eyes; he understood to whom broad-brimmed slouch hat had protected from the defiance was directed, but made no reply. terrific blow. The two gave up their weapons, and, followed by the crowd, adjourned to the street outside the saloon. the noise. Her face was pale, and there was an anxious look upon her features, as she stood at the window and beheld Talbot in the moon-

"Whar's the man called Injun Dick-the

"'My name is Dandy Jim from Red Dog!"

the center of the saloon.

I'm ver antelope!'

appear grave.

anyway?"

credit to a Pawnee Indian.

Then the stranger executed a war-dance in

"Set 'em up ag'in! Come an' see me! Yar-

the strength of his powerful lungs.

With a quick step, but a calm face, Talbot

strode forward and confronted the Red-Dog-

"Halloo, Tom Thumb! how are ye?" ex-

claimed the red-shirted stranger, in sarcasm.

Hadn't you better go home? Does yer moth

dance around the center of the room, accom-panied by a series of yells that would have done

The actions of the giant were ridiculously funny, despite his warlike intentions.

clean out this hull ranche, I kin! Who are you,

But before the giant could use his weapon,

His right arm drew back and shot

there was a quick movement on the part of In-

was a terrible gash, nearly two inches long, as

clean a cut as though the cheek had been slit

My name is Dick Talbot."

light, stripping off his coat, preparing to en-counter the giant that towered above him. CHAPTER V. THE FACE IN THE WINDOW. THERE was a dry spot of ground, some thirty feet square, in front of the Eldorado, which had not been cut up into ruts by the wagon-

The bright rays of the full moon shining down

upon it, made it as light as day.

All in the saloon had gathered in a circle in front of it. Within the circle stood the two gladiators, completing their preparations for

the contest. The man-from-Red-Dog was soon ready; he dashed his old hat upon the ground; rolled up the torn sleeves of his red shirt, displaying his brawny arms, that, like his face, were tanned to the color of leather by the hot sun in the mountain gulches. His left cheek was swollen terribly, where Talbot's knuckles had left their mark. The giant was not a handsome man, at any time, and the ugly wound did not improve his looks. The proof he had already received of Talbot's prowess had opened his eyes to the extent of the task he had undertaken in confronting Injun Dick, and he was not disposed to underrate his antagonist

Slowly, Talbot prepared for the encounter. He cast aside the neat black coat and hat; rolled up the sleeves of his ruffled white shirt-he wore no vest-as carelessly as though he was going to wash his hands, instead of facing a

bully, almost twice his size. As Talbot bared his arms to the shoulderthe arms that were white and fair as those of a beautiful woman-the giant saw the firm play of the steel-like muscles, that stood out like bunches of knotted wire under the smooth, silk-like skin. If the shirt had been stripped who-oo-o!" Again the stranger yelled with all from the back of Injun Dick, the sight of the body of his foe would have still further astonished "The-man-from-Red-Dog." He would have seen that Talbot was all bone and muscle, "See here, my friend, you had better go home and go to bed; that's the best place for you," he said, quietly. not an ounce of useless fat upon the wiry, sinewy form. The breadth of the shoulders and the knotted muscles that lay there beneath the silken skin, would have told whence came the strength that sent forth Injun Dick's sledge-

nammer blows. "Look hyer! don't be all night," growled the er know yer out? Stand away, sonny, or I'll miner, who began to have a nervous desire to blow at yer an' knock yer over. I want ter see the thing through.

ee Injun Dick! I'm the-man-from-Red-Dog! "Got any friends to carry yer home, Go-liah?" asked Ginger Bill, with a grin; thus po-I'm part sea-lion, an' the rest on me is grizzly b'ar. I kin outrun, outdrink, or chaw up any man in the Reese valley! Peel an' go fur me litely intimating that the Red-Dogite would be unable to walk after the affair was set-And again the stranger executed a war-

A chuckle went round the motley crowd at the humor of the stage-driver. Besides, the sympathy of the bystanders was almost entirev on the side of the smaller man.

After rolling up his sleeves, Talbot took his "See here, now, you've cavorted round here handkerchief from his pocket and tied it around long enough; stop your noise, or I'll put you out," Talbot said, laughing at the antics of the his waist. As he tightened the knot of the handkerchief, he happened to glance toward vhisky-soaked miner, in spite of his efforts to the house. There was a little opening in the crowd, so his view was not obstructed. He You put me out? You?" asked the miner, saw the pale and anxious face of Jinnie pressbalancing himself unsteadily on his legs. "Why, I kin eat you, I kin! Maybe you

ed against the window-pane.

A quiet smile of confidence was on Talbot's think I've h'isted too much benzine? I kin jist features, and a bright light shone in his dark eyes as he glanced at the girl's face. Then, some strange, subtle instinct caused him to look upward. Why, he could not tell; but a "You're my antelope!" cried the miner, drawing a revolver from his belt. "I been sight met his eyes that made the blood run cold in his veins. Bernice, the "heart-woman," had been attracted by the noise under her

window, and was looking out upon the crowd.

As Bernice's eyes rested upon Talbot's face, strange expression came over her features. Fixed and rigid as a statue, her soul staring through her great blue eyes, she looked upon

out, sudden and unexpected as the flash of the lightning; a sharp, whip-like crack resounded through the room. It was the iron-like knuc-A single glance Talbot gave. He saw that she had seen the face, that in the saloon, he With a howl of pain and rage combined, the had succeeded in hiding from her. giant went over backward, against the door of the saloon; on his left cheek, under his eye,

A stifled groan came from his lips; he raised his hands to his throat as though he was choking; then rocked for a second unsteadily on his feet and then, with a deep groan of anguish, by a knife. It was the mark of Injun Dick's fell forward on his face senseless. was answered by a stifled gasp of anguish from

Bernice's lips; yet still, with a face pale with agony, she pressed her temples against the win-The rough crowd had not noticed the glane

of Injun Dick directed at the window; had not heard the sigh of anguish that had been wrung from Bernice's overwrought heart.

At Talbot's sudden, and to them astonishing, faint, they had gathered eagerly around

"Somethin' bu'st!" cried Bill, sagely, kneel ing by the side of the prostrate man, and extending his arms as if to raise him from the ground. But, before the stage-driver could carry out his intentions, Jinnie burst impetuously through the crowd, pushing the miners

right and left in her hurry.
With a quick, energetic motion, like a tiger mother springing forward in defense of her young, Jinnie pushed Bill away. Losing his balance, the stage driver sprawled over on the flat

of his back, like a gigantic frog.

The girl raised the head of the fallen man from the ground and supported it on her knee With pale features, lips tightly compressed, and eyes shooting lurid fires, Jinnie looked into Talbot's face. She tore open the band of the shirt that seemed to compress the swollen

"Get me some whisky, quick, some of you!" she cried. The crowd had discreetly fallen back a little after the girl's appearance. There was something terrible in her grief that impressed even the rude miners with awe. Two or three of the crowd ran into the sa

loon after the whisky.

Jinnie bent over the pale face; her long hair had escaped from the knot that usually held it in place and came down like a red screen around the shapely head of Talbot. Concealed by the tangled mass of hair that half-hid her action from the gaze of the wondering crowd, Jinnie kissed the pale lips of the sense less man with a dozen or more eager, burning kisses, as though she thought the fire of her lips

would woo him back to life. She thought not of those that stood around her; she would have done the same had all the

world witnessed the action, The color came back to the pale lips; the passionate kisses had accomplished their object;

Talbot was reviving. The girl raised her tearless eyes—there was too much fire in her soul for tears-joyfully to heaven. Her eyes rested on the pale face of Bernice, pressed against the glass. Had not Bernice been clad in her night-dress, robed for rest, she too would have sprung as eagerly as the other to the assistance of the fallen man.

With the quick instinct of woman, Bernice had guessed what had taken place, when the had guessed what had taken place, when the red-gold hair of Jinnie had swept, screen-like, around the face of Talbot. She could hear eager kisses wooing life into the cold lips, though they reached no other ears. That little minute was an hour of torture to the soul of Bernice.

The eyes of the two girls met. A single glance; but a glance of hatred met

and returned. "She loves him too!"

Four unspoken words, flashing through two brains at the same moment: from that moment Bernice Gwyne, the woman who seeks and Jinnie, the girl who runs the Eldorado sa loon, knew that they were bitter enemies.

With a roar and a howl, the three miners rushed from the saloon with a bottle of whisky, to which the Heathen Chinee, Ah Ling, clung with the courage of desperation.
"Melican man, no havee—payee, allee

samee!" he screamed, in remonstrance.

When the three rough fellows had rushed into the saloon and seized the first bottle that came handy and prepared to depart with it, the faithful "Chinee" had battled manfully with the thieves, as he supposed the intruders to be, as they hadn't tendered payment for the whisky or given any explanation.

"All right, Heathen," said Jinnie, taking the liquor. There was a strange, unnatural tone in the girl's voice. A forced calmness that seemed to tell of a raging fire within something like the thin crust that covers the volcano's flame.

The Chinaman retreated into the saloon

again, smiling blandly.

Jinnie poured the whisky into the hollow of her hand and dashed it upon the head that lay

on her knee. The smell of the potent spirits finished what the kisses of the girl had begun. Strange medicines, the pure and dewy lips of the girl

and the flery incense of the soul-destroying liquor. Slowly Talbot opened his eyes and looked

around him, with a wondering gaze.
"Be a man, Dick," murmured Jinnie, reproachfully, in his ear. "You have fainted

like a girl. You don't know the cause," he answered, a shiver shaking his form as though icy fingers

"Yes, I do!" Jinnie exclaimed "I am not blind, Dick; it is this woman-this stranger

had touched him.

from the East.' There was just a little touch of reproach in

the girl's voice Come now, git on your pegs!" cried the

red-shirted miner, who began to bluster again thinking from Talbot's sudden illness that he had an easy job before him. "Stand up an' take your gruel like a man. I kin hug a b'ar to death, I kin. I'm the cavortin' grizzly from Red Dog, who-oo-op!"

"Say, Dick, lemme peel the hide off this ring-tailed mule!" cried Ginger Bill, who had risen to his feet after being pushed over by Jinnie's impetuous rush, and stood quietly by, looking

"No, no," replied Talbot, rising to his feet, his strength having apparently all returned to him. "I ask no man to fight my battles. This fellow wants a lesson; he shall have one. Jinnie, go in; this is no place for you;" but, even as he spoke in a chiding tone, he pressed the brown hand of the girl within his own, softly.

blood to the cheeks and forehead of the girl her eyes, too, flashed with a joyous light.

Without a word, she quitted his side, and went toward the saloon.

A single glance she gave at the pale face that still was pressed against the window-glass above. Upon her features was a look of defiance-of triumph. Bernice answered it with a scornful, contemptuous glance.

Rivals for one man's love were now thos two girls, who, but an hour before, had never seen each other.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO LOVES FOR ONE HEART. A DEEP silence reigned among the rough crowd as Talbot stepped forward and confront-

ed the giant. The contrast between the two was great: not that there was such a difference between them in size, for, now that the miner had doffed his high-crowned hat, and bared his he did not appear to be a great deal larger in frame than his opponent—only tall-

and muscle.

A pugilist would have looked with admiration upon the easy and graceful posture of Injun Dick, as he carelessly threw himself into osition and faced the miner.

It was the old story over again; brute trength against cultivated skill.

A desperate rush the miner made at his op-onent. His brawny arms cut the air as blow ponent. ucceeded blow, but their force was wasted upon empty space. Agile and graceful as a dancing-master, Dick either stepped back out of reach, or warded off the blows, as the rock throws aside the breaking wave. Out of breath, the giant paused

"Putty man you are, ain't ye? Why don't you stand still and lemme hit you? Yer wuss nor a perarie dog!" growled the miner, breath-

Without replying, Talbot measured the discance, and sent out his right arm, as if intendng to strike the giant on the breast. Clumsiy the miner dropped his arm to ward off the blow, when, quick as a flash, rap! tap! the knuckles of Talbot left their mark on the face of his opponent; then Dick jumped back again out of distance, and, putting down his hands, laughed at the bewilderment of the astonished

"How's that for high?" suggested one of the

'This is as good as a circus!" roared Bill, in

huge delight. "Got any more fellows like you in Red Dog?"

Maddened by the taunt, as well as by the smart of the three cuts in his face, which did not improve his personal beauty at all, the miner made another desperate rush at Talbot This time Injun Dick adopted new tactics

he gave way for a foot or two, then dodge under the arm of the miner, and, as he turned to follow him, tripped him with his foot. As he stumbled, Talbot caught him sideways. passed his arm over his neck, pressed him against his hip, and, lifting him by sheer strength from the ground, turned him over in the air, thus giving him, in wrestling parlance a clean "cross-buttock" fall.

Down came the giant with terrible force to the ground. The shock stunned him. Sense less he lay, prostrate on the earth.

"He's got all he wants," said Bill, quietly. "If you're kilt, open your mouth an' say so bad luck to yees!" cried the Irishman, Patsy

kneeling by the miner.
"He's only stunned," Talbot said, coolly, unrolling the sleeves of his shirt. "He'll be over it in a minute. He wanted a lesson, and now he's got it."

"Guess he won't want any more," Bill said with a chuckle, in which the majority of the crowd joined. The Spur-Cityites naturally rejoiced to see their townsman get the best of the stranger.

In a few minutes the miner recovered from the effects of the fall. He sat up and looked around him.

"Gosh! my head feels bigger'n a bushe basket!" he ejaculated, in a mystified sort of way. "Reckon I'd better travel; you've got too many airthquakes round hyer fur me. Then he rose slowly to his feet and approached Talbot, who stood with folded arms. "Stranger, yer too much fur me. I axes yer pardon fur cavortin' round hyer, an' I'll jist git up an' dust. You're jist lightnin' b'iled down, you are! The fust time you hit me, I thought my head an' the hind leg of a mule had been sud-denly introduced. If you ever want a feller fur to hold your hat in a free fight, jist call on me: I'm your antelope!

Then the miner picked up his hat, and start ed off up the street.

The crowd made a break for the door of the saloon, but were confronted on the threshold by Jinnie.
"No more Eldorado to-night, gentlemen,

the girl said, decidedly. "It's nearly one, and time for everybody to be in bed. The bar's "Jist one drink, Jinnie, all round, fur to tess Milleroni, were seated side by side in

celebrate the salivatin' of that galoot," pleaded Bill. But the girl was firm, and the crowd slowly dispersed to their "roosting-places," as Bill facetiously observed. The driver, and a few others who roomed

in the Eldorado, entered the now darkened saloon, which was lighted only by one small

amp.

Talbot, who had put on his hat and coat, remained outside, leaning against the doorpost, pparently buried in thought. Jinnie waited until all the idlers had dis-

ersed; then she approached Talbot. "What is the matter with you, Dick?" she asked, in a low, soothing voice; "you seem like

Talbot started, roused from his abstraction by the girl's question.

'I—I am not well," he said, slowly, a pain ful restraint evident in his manner. "And it is all the fault of this strange wo-

man; she has bewitched you, Dick. "Perhaps she has," he replied.

"I know she has!" Jinnie cried, earnestly. It was her presence that made you act strangely in the saloon. It was the sight of the strong, resolute man, faint like a weak woman when you looked upon it. Why should this person possess such a strange influence you?" And as she asked the question, a over sudden and fearful suspicion shot across her A thought that made her clench her teeth in agony, and catch her breath as though ife were about to desert her. But Talbot, his thoughts far away, his eyes fixed in a vacant stare, afar off, where the dark line of the pines cut the mountain peaks, whitened by the moonbeams, did not notice the agitation of the girl. He did not even hear the words that she

"Dick!" she oried, impetuously, pulling him by the coat-sleeve, "will you answer a ques-

Talbot, recalled from dreamland by the pressure of Jinnie's hand upon his arm, looked ipon the girl in astonishment. He saw the igns of agitation that were so apparent in her

'Answer a question, Jinnie? Of course 1 will," he said. "No matter what it is?" persisted the girl,

with feverish lips and burning eyes.
"Yes, no matter what it is," Talbot replied. "Truthfully?"

"Jinnie, did you ever know me to speak in any other way?" he asked, reproachfully. "Forgive me, Dick!" she said, her heart throbbing almost to bursting, and, with a deep sigh, she laid her head upon his shoulder.

The red-gold hair was still flying freely in the breeze. A moment Talbot looked into the little face that nestled on his shoulder; the sweet witchery that comes from the fair and gentle pre sence of a young and lovely woman was softly him. Tenderly he wound his arm around the slender waist of the girl, and

kissed the low brown forehead. Jinnie shuddered, and a deep sigh came from

er. His arms were larger, but the bulk came from pounds of useless flesh, not from sinew upon her temple. Dreamily she closed her whose side she stood.

"And now, Jinnie, what is the question that you wish me to answer?" he asked, softly

"Have you ever seen this woman before?" and the eyes unclosed and fixed themselves with an eager gaze upon his face as she asked

the question.

Talbot's face grew rigid as marble as the question fell upon his ears; yet, in the face, the eager, searching eyes, the girl read neither yes or no.

"What makes you ask such a question?" he

said, as if wishing to evade a direct reply.
"Dick, you are not answering me!" the girl exclaimed, reproachfully. "What can it matter to you the motive I have for asking? You promised me that you would answer. Will you keep that promise?"

"Yes," he replied, after a moment's hesita-tion, and in that moment he gazed into the face of the girl as though he expected to read some thing within there.
"You will answer?" she exclaimed, quickly.

"Yes; I have never seen this woman be fore," he said, slowly and firmly. 'Then she is not your wife?' Jinnie cried, a

touch of joy in her voice.
"My wife!" Talbot said, in astonishment, 'why, what put such an idea as that into your "I do not know," Jinnie replied; "the thought came to me. You are from the East

so is she. I thought, perhaps, that she was your wife before you came here, and that she had now come after you." "Your thought was wrong, Jinnie; I have never been married."

"And you don't love this woman?" the girl asked anxiously "Why should I love a woman that I never

A long breath of relief came from the girl's lips at the reply; a terrible load had been taken off her heart. "And now, Jinnie, good-night; I must be

off," he continued. "Where are you going to-night?"
"To Jim Blood's room, down the street.
Jim is up in Austen, and I shall take possession of his shanty until he comes back. I've got the key. So, good-night, once more." Again he kissed the low forehead, and then walked carelessly down the street. Jinnie watched him until he entered a little shanty, some hun-

dred paces on; then she entered the saloon. Hardly had the girl disappeared, when a dark shadow, that had been concealed behind one of the houses opposite, came from its hid-ing-place, and stole cautiously down the street to the shanty where Talbot had said he would pass the night.

The spy crossed the street and peered in through the window of Injun Dick's retreat. From the shanty came the feeble gleams of a andle's light.

When the light was extinguished, the spy whistled, softly. Forth from the darkness came five other figures, who joined the first. They were all dressed alike, in long, black gowns, and their heads were covered with black

(To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

# The Dumb Page: THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER. AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," "THE RED RAJAH," "THE ROCK RIDER," "THE SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. PULSING WAVELETS.

RENZO BELLARIO and Es gondola, floating over the still waters of the They were alone, save for a single gondolier in the bow, whose back was discreetly turned, as he plied his oar.

Don Lorenzo was half seated, half reclining on his elbow, as he looked up in Estella's face with the peculiar magnetic glance of his eyes that was so effective with the female sex. The countess had her eves cast over the lagoon, glowing in the rays of the afternoon un; but the flickering blush on her cheek told that she was quite sensible of the glance. She turned her eyes on the Spaniard presently, and blushed deeper than ever as she said:

"Don't look at me so. You frighten and disturb me. He smiled with his own peculiar grace, with a look of ardent passion and triumph in his

eyes, that made her lower her own. "Frighten you?" he half whispered; "I would not do that with my good will. Disturb you? Not me, Estella, but your own heart, which is kinder to poor Lorenzo than its mistress would have it.

The countess erected her head with a haughty gesture. 'Its mistress can take care of it, my lord; Don Lorenzo has said the same things to

scores of ladies ere this. I doubt not." A glance of anger shot from his eyes, and he clenched one hand as it lay beside him. Lorenzo had never met with such resistance

efore. For six long months he had laid siege to the countess, and he could count on nothing certain as yet. "Estella," he said, in a tone of injury, "you are not kind nor just. Well do you know that

since I first knew you, no other woman has "No other, Lorenzo?" and she turned her clear hazel eyes on his with a searching

glance; "have you forgotten my cousin, Julia? You know I never see her now," Bellario

"You say true; poor Julia has changed wonderfully now. She is indeed ready to take

Don Lorenzo smiled covertly, as the countess turned away her head. He knew the secret of the religious fervor of the Doge's daughter. Annetta took her place, and played her part well, from their wonderful likeness to each other, while the counterfeit page enjoyed her liberty with all the zest of the real Julia.

same Julia," pursued the countess. turned away that sly-looking Father Ambrose with the sore eyes, and has submitted herself to Father Francis, stern as he is. She seems to have changed wonderfully. Don Lorenzo yawned with an air of indif-

I can hardly think sometimes that it is the

"Heaven speed her conversion!" he exclaim ed, piously. "Would that I could clear mown conscience from the sin of having, for "Would that I could clear my moment, disturbed her thoughts from the oth er world. Ah, Madonna Estella, how shall I

ever atone to you for all my wild and wicked

You will never know what it is to love

hopelessly, as I have done, so long. And it upon her temple. Dreamily she closed her eyes and nestled still closer to the man by from her I adored, wildly and uselessly, then."

He spoke so sadly and sweetly, looked so handsome and so wretched, that involuntarily the countess put one hand on his glossy curls, and smoothed them with a gentle, pitying

'Ah! Lorenzo!" she said, softly, "if I could

but believe you!"

"Believe me?" he murmured, pressing his lips to her hand. "Look into my eyes, and in the scarlet uniform of the Genoese republic, then doubt me if you can." She looked, and turned away with a deep

lush, and then gazed out intently over the water, while he murmured words of glowing love, such as he knew so well how to use. Es tella was yielding slowly to the spell she had resisted for so long, from some hidden motive, that even Lorenzo could not fathom. Presently, as they floated quietly over the

still lagoon, in the shimmering golden haze of afternoon, Bellario, with the tact of a master in the art, added the sweets of music to the enchantment of the scene, as the countess sat dreamily gazing seaward, her hand passively

lying in his clasp.

Gently touching the lute that lay beside him, he sung, as softly as possible:

Pulsing wavelets, softly lipping, kiss the gently-gliding keel;
Whispering breezes lift the silken curtained canopy beside;
Seabirds, floating in the sunshine, over water blue

seabirds, floating in the sunshine, over water blue as steel.

Circle in the heavens, watching dolphins leap above the tide.

Whispering, murmuring,
Moments swift fly,
Swift as the cloudlets
White-pluming the sky,
Over the sleeping sea softly we float,
Only young Love is awake in our boat.

He sung so enchantingly, with his swee tenor voice, and the song was so well adapted to the scene, that Estella insensibly yielded to its influence. Her hand softly stole into his and she turned her face, with a smile of pleasure that she could not resist, when the plash and roll of oars, close by them, suddenly dis turbed the quiet of the sentimental idyl,

while the bow gondolier, who had been nodding, half asleep, over his oar, shouted out, as he plied it with desperate energy: "Take care there! Do you want to run

over us?" The countess started with a shriek, as a great galley came sweeping by them, almost running over them in its course, which was only altered just in time to graze the stern of their gondola.

Don Lorenzo leaped to his feet, and beheld the flag of the rival republic of Genoa floating in the stern of the stranger, beside which stood a tall, thin man, with a gray pointed beard and long gray hair, in the scarlet uni-

form of a captain in the Genoese service. fame of an honest soldier." The Spaniard was within ten feet of the stern of the galley which kept so bad a lookout, and angrily called out to the gray-bearded captain:

"Signor, you are careless, too careless to be a gentleman. Do you understand me, or are you Genoese fools?" The tall captain called out in answer:

"I understand perfectly, signor. I anchor He raised his plumed hat with ceremonious courtesy, and turned away to con his vessel, as she swept on with dash and roll of oars.

The countess was looking after the galley with a strange, wistful look, and when Don Lorenzo turned and sat down, she seemed inattentive to his remarks, and still kept looking after the Genoese

"Who is that?" she asked at last. "What brings the galleys of Genoa into these waters Don Lorenzo?" "It is some matter of business, I suppos he responded, in an impatient tone. "The flag of Genoa is often seen here, while we are at peace with their republic. It is some little

dispute about the coral fishers of the gulf, that "But that officer," she persisted, tremulously Did not his voice remind you of any one?" Bellario started.

'Nay, now you say it, it does," he confessed, thoughtfully. But, pshaw! the man's dead, or else fled to the Turk. What would he do in the service of Genoa? Besides, this is an old

man. "Then you knew the voice, too?" and she covered her face, with a shudder.

Don Lorenzo looked down with a face of bit-

ter anger and mortification at her. He had been so accustomed to success, with his handsome person and many advantages, that it galled him to the soul to see this woman entirely ob livious of him, at the first sight of something that reminded her of the lover he had driven

Yes, I knew the voice," he declared, bitterly; "it was like the voice of that convicted traitor, Bonetta, whom I punished with my sword at San Antonio.

She started and looked up, in surprise.

"You never told me that."
"No," he said, angrily; "and I am a fool to do it now. But it was this hand that stretched him bleeding in fair fight, for all that. joined with you to humiliate me, and I took my revenge on him. But you have paid me back since then, by showing every that you care more for this banished traitor

with all his crimes, than for the love of him who never sued to woman before, in vain. His tone was earnest and angry. For the first time, the all-conquering hero was piqued

into showing his disappointment.
Estella looked at him, sadly and kindly. "Ah, Lorenzo," she murmured, "our hearts are not our own always. If you love me truly, it will not be so for long. I feel my heart go ing toward you even now so strongly, and yet I fear so much to be deceived. As for him. ] shall never see him again. A traitor mater not with the blood of the Dandolo. Now take me home. To-morrow I shall be able to speak to you. But now I hardly know what I am

My brain whirls. He made a sign to the gondolier, who turned the boat's head shoreward, and they swept slowly in, past the picturesque dome of the Dugano, with the winged figure pointing seaward from its summit.

As they passed by, there lay the Genoese galley, with its sails furied and its oars stowed, the guards pacing up and down by the gangways. A group of Venetian officers were just taking leave of the captain, and the latter bowed to Don Lorenzo as he passed,

The Spaniard was very silent all the way home, and took leave of the lady at the gate of her palace, when he returned in haste to the Dugano to meet the captain of the galley. He found the boat of the latter awaiting him at the quay, and the first question he asked the officer in charge, was:

What is your captain's name?" "Count Bonetta," answered the officer, roudly. "If your name is Bellario, I have proudly.

orders to take you on board.' Don Lorenzo bowed his head and stepped on "It is he," he muttered.

CHAPTER XV. THE GALLEY INTERVIEW.

When Don Lorenzo stepped on the deck of the galley, he was surprised by the scrupulous neatness and order of everything on board. The long sweeps lay in rows side by side, with the ropes neatly coiled on top of them. The rowers were all below decks, and the only per-

Don Lorenzo looked with surprise on the lof-ty figure of the captain. He had expected to meet his old opponent, but this was quite a different man, as far as he could see. The Swiss had been tall and heavily built, with a grave, quiet, good-natured face, and closely-trimmed fair hair and mustache. This man, while fully as tall, was thin to emaciation, with long hair and pointed beard of unmistakable gray, and a fierce, eager expression of countenance, the blue eyes being as keen as sabers.

"Well, signor?" queried the captain, haughtily. "What do you wish with me?"

Don Lorenzo still eyed him, doubtfully, and asked, with more politeness than he had ever shown a foe:

"May I ask your name, Signor Captain?" "Antonio, Count Bonetta," said the other, as haughtily as before; "not the man you seek, signor, perhaps. That man died on the deck of the caravel that bore him from Venice. He had an uncle in the service of Genoa, and to him he committed the task to clear his memory from the lying accusations of one Lorenzo Bellario, in the city of Venice. I am come for that purpose, signor, with the credentials of St. George of Genoa at my back. They have gone to the Doge this day, and the memory of Antonio Bonetta is to be cleared by a fair trial in open day from the snares of the villain Bel-

lario. Perhaps you know him, signor?"

He broke off with the sneering question, fixing his eyes on the Spaniard's, with ineffable

Don Lorenzo drew himself up haughtily. "I am Bellario, Signor Count," he said; and no man ever lived over twenty-four ours who called me by the name of villain. Make your will, signor, for by sunset the sands of San Antonio shall be red with the blood of a

The count bowed with ironical courtesy "The second Bonetta will endeavor to avenge the first. I came to Venice to seek "I am easily found," retorted Bellario,

"Your's will not be the first Swiss haughtily. cock's comb I have cut." "Boast not thyself too loudly," suggested the count; "we have no Lion's Mouth in Genoa, for traitors to put lying accusations therein, in the dark, as thou didst, to take away the

Don Lorenzo regarded the other for the first time with anger, mingled with astonishment. "Swiss count!" he said, fiercely, "Lorenzo Bellario has done many a bad deed; but the man that says he ever did a cowardly one, lies like a coward. I whipped your fine nephew from Venice with my good sword, and he fled to avoid my sight, for I took his lady from him. What need had I to plot against the hound? For my own misdeeds I take all blame, but that I had no share in. When will you meet me signor? It is not the custom of you meet me, signor? It is not the custom of a Spanish grandee to bandy lies with a Swiss

"Go, get your friends quickly," answered the count, grimly; "when I see your boat pass me, my own will be in the water. Then

"It is well," and the Spaniard bowed as he retired; "and if you take the advice of Don Lorenzo Bellario, Signor Count, you will leave instructions for your successor, for never yet found I the man that could cross swords with me, save only 'Cola Bottarma, of Florence.'

The count bowed ceremoniously in reply.
"I will bear your recommendation in mind;
and let me tell you one thing in turn, Signor Don Lorenzo: look to your guard well, for I fence close. Bellario laughed and descended into the

'Within an hour of sunset expect me," he said, gayly; "I never let these things interfere with other engagements, and I have one with a sweet lady at nine of the clock."

The count turned away with a grim smile. 'Boast on," he muttered; "your turn is almost over now. He watched the boat reach the quay, where Don Lorenzo sprung ashore. At the moment he did so, a slight figure in a page's dress, with long yellow curls like a girl's, sprung to the

him something that hung from his girdle. The count saw Don Lorenzo start and apparently ask some hurried question; and then the two went off at a rapid pace to the opposite side of the square, where the public gondolas lay in waiting.

Spaniard's side, and appeared to be showing

CHAPTER XVI. A MAD PASSION.

WHEN the Spaniard was suddenly accepted as we have said, he recognized his false page, the disguised princess. She was very pale, and clutched him by the arm, holding up to his sight the tablet hanging from her girdle, on which was written:
"Come with me. Great danger's afoot."
"What is it, Julia?" he demanded, in a low

She made an imperious gesture for silence. and he remembered the dumb part she was She tapped the words, playing. me" impatiently, and turned away across the square at a run, followed by Bellario, in doubt as to her meaning. Even his duel was forgotten for the moment.

and Don Lorenzo gave the word to his own palace, before the girl made any sign of communicativeness. Then she commenced writing on the tablets,

She leaped into one of the public gondolas,

and finally held up before him the startling question at the moment: Where did you find Annetta?" "She is the daughter of a fisherman of the Adriatic," he answered, in a low tone; '

parents are dead, and she has been my dependent for many years." Julia wrote again on her tablets and held up the still more startling answer:

"She is my half-sister! Bellario fell back on the cushions and stared at her in amazement. She made him a sign of silence, and a few minutes afterward they arrived at the palace where the false page ran up the marble steps to the private cabinet, at full

Bellario followed her, and closed the doors behind him, till they were entirely alone.

Then he asked, wonderingly:

What do you tell "What is all this, Julia? "Listen." and she spoke rapidly: "I let you

go out on the Lagoon alone with Estella today. I had need to see Annetta, to find out

# E-- THE BANDROW ROWER BANK -E--

how my father was doing, and if he suspected any thing. I had access to her as the page, and lo! my lady had suddenly changed. She pretended not to know who I was, and called me 'Annetta.'"

"Ha!" said Don Lorenzo, with a laugh; "I thought it would come to that. You would play with edged tools. Annetta has proved that she would not always be the fool you took She knows you dare not expose her for fear of your own reputation. The convent or the grave would expiate the disgrace to Dandolo."

"What do you mean, signor?" she demandwhat do you mean, signor? she demand-ded, pale as ashes, and her eyes glittering omi-nously; "never has your hand touched mine save in courtesy; "and I am now as pure as the day I first saw you. Dare you say other-

Her little teeth were elenched, and her hand closed on the poisoned dagger as she spoke, with the glare of an angry tigress in her eyes. "Who will believe you?" said Don Lorenzo, with a faint sneer. "All the household know you as Annetta, the dumb page. You have acted your part well—ay, so well that they all think you what she was. And who shall gain say them? Not I, my lady. We have lived with each other too long, and been alone too often. You have made me feel your power ever since you set yourself to torment me. Now you know what it is to be in the power of another. Good!"

And he clapped his hands. Julia looked dangerously at him, but controlled her passion-

"Hear me out," she said, calmly; "I had not finished. After a while she relented so far as to tell me this secret, for she is a fool after all, this Anetta. She loves religion and wants to go into a convent, and that's the reason she does not wish to come back to doublet and hose She hates you for your cruelty to her, and hopes for revenge. Ay, you may start. But she told me more than that. She told me how my father, thinking her to be me, told her how in former times he had a natural daughter, the child of a fisherman's wife, who was seven years older than I, and whom he had lost sight of. And then, by questioning him, she found that it was her own self, and then the idea entered into her head to personate me forever, and thrust me down to her level.

"Therefore she told my father her own story, as of another, and how you stole away the fisherman's child to break her heart, and the old Doge swore an oath of vengeance against you, and to reclaim his daughter from her base position. Now, Don Lorenzo, who is in her power? Signor, she had found the papers!" Don Lorenzo started back, as white as ashes.

"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed; "you have betrayed me, devil that you are! And you pretended to love me!'

He sunk into a chair, shaking all over. The audacious duelist cowered down under some mysterious terror. The girl came close to him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Nay, there at least you are wrong, Lorenzo," she said, sadly; "I have done much to torment you, but I have helped you to your revenge, not betrayed you. God help me! I love you. I hate those whom you hate, and I have destroyed them. But I had the papers hidden away in my own room, and she had found them.

'And where are they now?" he asked, eag erly. "Strange girl, something in your face tells me that the danger is averted."

Julia looked at him, fixedly "God help me! It is," she said; "the papers

"Then what danger is afoot?" he asked, won-

deringly. That the Doge will send for his daughter before the dawn of to-morrow," said Julia, solemnly; "and she will not be here."

Where will she be?" asked he, wondering-"In the palace of the Dandolo," answered the girl; "where she once lived happy, as the

pure only can be "
"Julia! Julia!" he cried, suddenly catching her in his arms; "witch or fairy, devil or an-

gel, you shall not leave me. With all thy torments, I love thee better than ten thousand Annettas, and I will not have her back. Do you hear? Contrary to her usual wild pranks, the girl

lay still in his arms, looking up in his face with a certain sad, far-away look in her blue eyes.
"Julia, my love, my life!" cried Don Lorenzo, ardently; "what meanest thou? Why

wilt thou leave me? I will not have Annetta back for thee.

'Lorenzo," and she spoke solemnly; "Annetta will never come back ! What?" he demanded, releasing her in his

'Annetta is dead!" replied Julia. Then there was a short, horrifled pause.

Even Don Lorenzo, hardened as he was, shuddered at the news. "How did she die?" he at length demand-

For all answer Julia drew from her bosom packet of papers which she showed him, and pointed to a dark stain on the blade of her tiny

dagger

'I could not let any one keep those but me. she explained, with a strange attempt at a smile.
"Sometimes—God help me!—I think I must be possessed of the Evil One, to torture what I love. And yet I cannot help it. Lorenzo, it is our last day together. To-morrow you must be far from Venice. In no other way can this crime be hidden. I did it to save you Annetta must never be found, and I must be the

Doge's daughter once more."
"If you will go with me, I go," he answered, obstinately. "Let nothing part us now. I swear I will not stir without you, for I love you.

At this moment the great bell of St. Mark's tolled out five, and Don Lorenzo started.
"The very hour!" he said, hurriedly snatch ing up cap and rapier; "I shall be too late, and the cursed Swiss will have a right to taunt me

"What is it? A duel? Another?" cried the girl, aghast.
"Ay, Julia," he answered, rapidly girding

himself; "with Bonetta's uncle, and I have no second. How shall I find one in time!" "Take me!" cried the girl, tossing her curls

back; "it is our last day, and I will play the page for once to my heart's content. Come,

He strained her to his breast, and rained kisses on her brow and lips.
"My queen!" he ejaculated; "now by all

the stars of heaven, there is none like thee, and I love thee more than all the world beside

Cavalier and page passed forth to the ren-dezvous for the duel with Count Bonetta. (To be continued—commenced in No. 260.)

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to -Madame Swetchine.

SCIENCE. ву Ј. н. н.

What is Science—good or evil?
Bane or blessing to mankind?
Fraught with doctrines of the devil,
Or divine truths for the mind? Does it elevate man's nature, Taching him his God to see

In each plantlet, in each creature, Showing His sublimity?

O. makes it man atheistic, Disbelieving Godlike truth, Heting revelation mystic, Peisoning the mind of youth? When man studies science solely, With naught else to guide the mind, Then it stops to scorn the holy, Then debases human kind.

When Religion lends assistance, And when Reason is its guide, Then flies evil to a distance, Heresy is then defied.

Then can man read God in nature In his works His grandeur find, See how the minutest creature Has in wisdom been designed.

# False Faces:

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

> CHAPTER XXIV. IN A QUANDARY.

It was well into the morning before Kate Vehslage awoke from the lethargic slumber nto which she had been thrown; and as Peter Shaw slept late there was no one to disturb

Great was her surprise to find herself alone for she was an early riser and had been accus omed to arise first and attend to the duties of heir small household.

It was as much as she could do to keep her eyes open, and her head felt dull and heavy. "What's the matter with me, I wonder? she asked herself, in a bewildered kind of way "I never felt like this before. Etta's up be fore me—why it must be late. Etta! Etta!

There was no answer. She scrambled out of bed and looked into the other apartment. "Why, she isn't here!" she cried, surprisedly. "She's gone out—and the fire isn't built—no signs of breakfast, for the table isn't set. What time is it? Nine o'clock! Good gracious! Whatever made me sleep so? And the sleep hasn't done me any good either! Yaw! I feel

as if I could go right to bed again. It's a won-der Mr. Shaw hasn't been for his breakfast be fore now. Etta must be in his room. Well,
I'll just hurry up the breakfast."

She dressed herself in all haste, kindled a fire in the stove, and put on the kettle to boil. Then she went to the door that led from one

et of rooms to the other and knocked Her first knock being unheeded she repeated it loudly.

it loudly.
"Holloa!" came the voice of Peter Shaw,
like one who had been suddenly aroused from a sound slumber. "Why he can't be up yet!" exclaimed Kate, in perplexity. "Ain't you up, sir?" she asked

him.
"Not yet." "Why it's after nine o'clock!"
"Is it? Ah! I was up late!

"Is it? Ah! I was up late last night. I'll be ready for breakfast in a quarter of an hour." "Very well, sir." Kate reentered the room which combined the offices of kitchen, sitting-room and living-room generally, and began to set the table for preakfast, but she did this with a languid move ment, in strong contrast with her usual brisk-ness. Her limbs felt rigid and her brain was Ray, who took a sniff at it, asking: clouded. This strange feeling perplexed her

sadly.
"What's come over me?" she muttered to And where's Etta? Where's she gone? rood. I never knew her to go out in that way without saying anything before.'

Here she knocked a cup off the table, with

her elbow, and broke it.
"Drat it! there I go!" she exclaimed, irritably. "Oh! what's the matter? My head feels as heavy as lead. I do wish Etta would come! Wherever can she have gone? we can wait for her. I'll run out and get the bread and milk, and some eggs. Perhaps she'll be back by the time I am.

Cheered somewhat by this reflection, she took her basket and went out. When she returned she found Peter Shav seated in her room. He had not put on his disguise, as he only used that when he went He looked very pleasantly at her, and seemed in a contented frame of mind.

"I bought the morning paper for you," she said, taking it from the basket and giving it to

Thank you," he replied; and began to un-Kate took off her hat and shawl, and busied

herself in preparing breakfast.
"Where's Etta?" asked Peter Shaw. "Hasn't she come in?" returned Kate. I thought she went out with you."

"No, she didn't. I can't imagine where she's Peter Shaw lowered his paper uneasily

"Didn't she say where she was going?" he inquired.

No; here's your coffee, sir, and I boiled you Very good." Peter Shaw moved his chair

up to the table, but he did not appear to have any appetite for breakfast. "Did Etta ever any appetite for breakfast. go out so before?" he asked. Never. I don't know what to make of it

I don't know where she's gone, and don't know when she went."

Peter Shaw stared at this. "Why, did you not see her go?" he cried.
"No; she went before I was up." "Before you were up?"

"Yes; I overslept myself this morning, and when I woke up she was gone." "Was anything the matter with you last night? Did you take any laudanum or pare-

'Lord no, sir! What made you think that?" "I thought I smelt either one or the other

of those drugs as I came through that little We've never had anything of the sort in

Peter Shaw stirred his coffee absently Do you think she has gone out to visit a neighbor?" he began again.

"Not she, sir. She never has anything to say to the neighbors She keeps herself to herself; and always did." "It's very strange!" He opened an egg abstractedly. "I ought to have been at the of-

there, but I don't like the idea of going while Etta is absent. Something may have happen-'But what can have happened to her?" cried Kate, nervously.

"I don't know," he answered, absently. "Ossian had a presentiment of evil—I did not think much of it then; if it had been Almira now I might have done so, knowing how keen-witted she is." . He was talking to himself now, and Kate listened to him amazedly. "Could they have known that she was here and spirited her

He started excitedly to his feet, crying: "My child, my child, my darling one! am I to lose you so soon after finding you?"
"Good Lord! is he going crazy?" muttered

Kate, apprehensively.

He caught the muttered words.

"No, no, my good girl," he answered, though I have been so, and suffered tortures almost unendurable; but my brain is steadier now than it has been for years. We must find ut where Etta has gone, and speedily!"

"I'll go with you!" cried Kate. She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, nastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"Oh, my!" she shrieked. "What's the matter?"

"This isn't my shawl-it's Etta's. And there's her hat hanging in its usual place. Why she hasn't gone out at all; she must be hiding somewhere to frighten us."

Kate dashed into the little room. But she

vas back in a moment, with something clutched in her hand. "She isn't there!" she cried. "But look here! I picked it up on the floor. It don't be-long to either of us, I'll take my oath of that—

so how came it there?" Peter Shaw took a small sponge from her hand. It exhaled a sickly odor—he knew it

Great heavens! Chloroform!" he gasped. 'There's villainy here!" At this moment there came a knock at the

"Oh! there she is!" cried Kate, never stopping to think that Etta would enter without She darted eagerly to the door and threw it

pen. Two men appeared there.
"Does Mr. Shaw live here?" inquired one.
"Come in, Chester!" cried Peter Shaw; "I

Chester Starke and Frank Ray entered the apartment, and Kate closed the door, survey ing the new-comers curiously.
"You have come in good time," continued
Peter Shaw. "But how does it happen that

Peter Shaw. "you did come?" You promised to be at the office at nine o'clock," replied Chester Starke; "and as you did not come, knowing how punctual you gen-erally are. I was fearful that something might

have happened-"Something has happened—something very rious. My daughter—"

Frank Ray pointed to Kate.

"Oh! she can be trusted—she is Etta's friend. This is Kate—Kate Vehslage. Kate, these are Chester Starke and Mr Ray." Kate made her best curtsy in acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Oh! what splendid young men," she thought, all in a flutter. "And he didn't say anything about this other one. I'd rather have him than the Ossian—what's his name?" have him than the Ossian—what's his name?' Chester only glanced at Kate; he had expected to see the golden-haired daughter. Indeed his visit had been cunningly contrived, Shaw's want of punctuality furnishing the excuse, to be presented to Etta a little in advance of Shaw's intention. He was proportionally disappointed at not finding her there.

"What of Miss Etta?" he demanded, eager-

"I fear she is in the power of these villains."
"Great Heaven! but how can that possibly

Peter Shaw held the sponge toward Frank know what that means?" 'Chloroform—that's the dodge!" replied

Ray, at once. He turned to Kate, saying: "How did your head feel when you woke up this morning?" "Awful!" responded Kate.

Ray nodded his head to Peter Shaw.

"Dosed them both so they wouldn't wake in" he continued "This is some of Doctor Watervliet's work.

"I think so," rejoined Peter Shaw. "But at what hour was he spirited away? It could not have been while we were on the watch?"

"It must have been after I came home." Frank Ray shook his head at this.

"I think not," he answered "Remember we saw the band leave their rendezvous; and ards. recollect the words we overheard. They had no particular meaning to us then, but they have now in the light of your daughter's disappearance.

You are right." "Oh! you are Etta's father, and I didn't know it!" cried Kate; "and she didn't know it

"I think she had a strong suspicion of it," rejoined Peter Shaw.

She never told me so!" "Miss Etta is discreet evidently," said Frank Ray. "It appears to run in the lands."
"That's as much as to say I'm not," muttered Kate, looking askance at the handsome detec tive, as he appeared in his own person on this occasion, not being then in pursuit of any one.

I think I like the other one the best.' "You think then that Etta had been abducted by these men when they passed us last night?" inquired Peter Shaw. Such is my idea, sir. What else could the

words of this man Skelmersdale, that the game was in his hands, imply?" "I think you are right; but then how did they take her from the house? That I cannot

understand." "She was never taken out by the door," an-

"How then?" "How did you come into this room?" Peter Shaw glanced at the fireplace in a bewildered manner.

Frank Ray smiled at this question. 'Oh, no, hardly that," he replied. "I meant they may have come from the roof of their

Why, you don't think they took her up the

house to this. Isn't there a way up to the roof?" he asked Kate. when they wash. There's steps leading up, showing a free use of tobacco. and a scuttle-door."

"Is that door fastened at night?" "I don't know; 'pears to me it ought to be, though. We in the back rooms have nothing to do with it, as we have our pulley-lines, from but somebody ought to fasten that scuttle every

night. I think But nobody does," returned Frank Ray,

fice before now; they are both waiting for me with a smile. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business. That's the way they came, sir," he continued, again addressing himself to Peter Shaw. "They came through the roof, down the stairs, picked the lock of this door—they could easily do that with a skeleton key—chloroformed the girls and carried Etta away in an insensible condition. Peter Shaw was impressed by the force of

"I think you have made a shrewd guess at the truth," he rejoined. "One thing, how-ever, puzzles me, how did they discover that Etta was my daughter? They must have done so, or they would not have troubled her?

Do you think they knew of my escape, or

that I was residing here?"

Frank Ray shook his head in the most posi tive manner

'Decidedly not!" he replied. "If they had, it would have been you who would have been missing instead of Etta. They could have chloroformed you just as well while they were about it; and I think it's lucky for you that you were not in your room while the abduc-tion was in operation."

"Why so? I might have prevented it!" ried Peter Shaw, with kindling eyes. Frank Ray shook his head again.

"You would have found the odds too heavy against you, and the attempt would have cos ou your life But, as you say, how they con rived to discover Etta's relationship to your-elf is a mystery. I confess that it baffles my penetration. They must have got the infor-

nation some way."
"Oh! that's what that chap was after?" exaimed Kate, suddenly.

What chap?" they all cried, in an eager Kate described her interview with the pretended sewing-machine agent.
"Ha! what was he like?" questioned Peter

Kate described him. "It was the lawyer—Skelmersdale's vil-lainous tool! Did he make any inquiries about

( No " "He did not ask who occupied the front

partments?" "No; never said a word about them."
"Strange! It is evident that they are yet

'It looks decidedly like it," affirmed Frank Ray. "I cannot understand, then, how Etta's dentity was revealed to them."
"Oh! that fellow has been prowling around

this neighborhood before," cried Kate.
"Ah! you have seen him before!" "When?"

"The first night you came here."

Kate proceeded to relate her singular adenture with the man with the false face.

"It is very plain that this is the lawyer Cebra Selkreg, and establishes his connectivith this band of villains beyond a doubt." I think so," added Chester, who had lis-

tened attentively to this discussion.
"And so do I," said Peter Shaw. "But the notive for Etta's abduction is by no means I can make it so," rejoined Frank Ray.

"You dead, your son missing, supposed to be dead also, Etta would be your sole heiress. hey mean to coerce her into a surrender of

"Ha! you are right!" cried Peter Shaw, with conviction. "Do you think they hold her prisoner in that house?"
"Yes, they can scarcely have had time to remove her as yet,"

"Then we will go at once to her rescue. Wait until I get my hat and revolver." "Had we not better wait until night, and ecure the whole gang?" suggested Frank Ray.
"No, no, my anxiety will not permit me to do that. There's no knowing what might hapnen to Etta between now and nightfall. She must not be left a moment longer than we help in the power of those unscrupulous vil-

"I am decidedly of your opinion, sir," cried Chester Starke. "We three should be a match for the whole gang!"

"What a brave young man he is," thought Kate, gazing upon him with admiring eyes.

Ray?" continued Chester. Yes, and my badge; always carry them both with me, as there's never any telling what's going to happen," replied the detective. We're not likely to find any one but the doctor there, though. It's a pity to give the villains the alarm, for we won't be able to catch them afterward; but you are right, sir, Etta must be rescued without delay, and at all haz-

Peter Shaw went to his own apartment, thrust his revolver into his pocket, assumed his

disguise, and returned. "If they think me dead," he said, "let me keep them in that belief as long as I possibly

"It's just as well, sir," responded Ray. We'll have Etta back here in a jiffy. "I hope you will!" cried Kate; and she thought to herself: "This one is just as brave as the other. I'd be satisfied to take either." 'Let us go," said Peter Shaw.

They left the room together, and Kate sat down to eat her breakfast. Now that the excitement had in a measure subsided, her appe tite came back to her and reminded her that she had not breakfasted.

Peter Shaw and his two young companions went directly to the house that bore the tin sign inscribed with the name of Doctor Water-

Frank Ray rung the bell, and a slatternly female opened the door. In answer to Ray's inquiry if the doctor was within, she pointed to a door to the right and said, with a strong German accent: "He ish dere "

Then she slouched back through the dark and dingy passage, and disappeared the way

Frank Ray knocked at the designated door. "Come in!" cried a guttural voice within. He opened the door and entered, followed by Peter Shaw and Chester Starke.

The doctor advanced to meet them. He was an unwholesome-looking man, below the medium hight, with a head and shoulders disproportionally large for the rest of his body. His skin was of a sickly yellowish hue, and his features were cadaverous. His nose was long "Of course," she answered. The people in and vulture-shaped, and his mouth was large the front rooms hang their clothes up there and garnished with yellow and uneven teeth, very black, and he wore it long, and kept it in an untidy condition. He had a full beard and mustache of the same dark hue. It was impossible to tell what the color of his eyes were, as they were partly concealed by a pair of blue glass spectacles, through which they gleamed with a sharp, piercing look. They were small in size, and deeply sunken beneath his bushy black eyebrows.

Such was the appearance that Doctor Heinrich Watervliet presented as he advanced to meet his visitors. His face wore a pleasant expression, for three patients at once (and such he took them to be) was an unusual oc-currence to the doctor. And then they were of a better class than the patients who ge nerally presented themselves at his office.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he inquired, and his accent betrayed his German

origin.
"You can give us the girl that you and your companions abducted last night," anwered Frank Ray.

The doctor started back as if he had been struck, and his features assumed a ghastly, greenish hue. He thrust his hand behind him, under the skirt of his coat.
"No you don't!" cried Ray; and he sprung ipon the doctor, and pinioned his arms to his

side. "Just take the revolver out of his pocket, will you, Mr. Starke?" Chester did so, and Ray released the doctor, who sputtered a string of oaths in German.

He always swore in his native tongue. "What does he say?" inquired Chester, stepping back with the doctor's revolver in his

It was a seven-shooter, a handsome and serviceable weapon. "He's blessing us in high Dutch," replied Frank Ray, coolly. "Let him bark; he can't bite—you've drawn his teeth. Now look here,

doctor," he continued, addressing himself to the incensed physician. "I am a detective there's my badge." He displayed it. "We know what hand you had in the abduction of the girl last night, for we found the sponge ou left behind you. Ah! that starts you, oes it? She's in this house, and we've come or her. Where is she?"

The doctor glared upon them like a wild animal bearded in its own den. animal bearded in its own den.
"I don't know anything about any girl,"
he answered, sullenly. "She is not here.
Go and look for your girl somewhere else."
"He lies!" cried Peter Shaw.

"Of course he does!" responded Ray. "But we'll have the truth from him. Come now, octor, no nonsense—we mean business!"
(To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)



NELLIE,

BY JOHNNIE DABB.

Hush!" they whisper—" baby's dead!" Slow and sad the words they said. Well I remember, full five years ago, Came in one morn—such a teautiful day— Sweet little stranger, a joy to our home; Now comes the reaper and takes her away.

Joyous her voice as the birds when they sing; Happy her laugh as the music of May; Bright were her eyes as the flowers of spring, Death, the great anarch, has called her away.

Baby, darling, oh! why did you go?
Why did you leave me?" the fond mother cried,
Breaking her heart in its anguish and woe—
"Baby, my darling! Oh, would I had died!"

Blessings on her little head! Hush!" they whisper—"baby's dead!"

Striving to comfort, the good father said:
"God is the giver; He taketh away;
Let us not think of our pet as one dead,
But, as one passed from the night unto day Sadly they lay the slight form to rest, White as the flowers that wreathe round her

head: Softly they fold the hands over her breast: "Nellie has gone to Jesus," they said.

The Letter-Box. Addie C. (Indianapolis, Ind.) writes:

"Can you inform me how to do my own stamping for braiding?"

If you wish to braid upon muslin, or any ordinarily thin white goods, lay the article to be braided upon a darkly-traced paper braiding pattern, and draw the design with a blue pencil. This can be done very easily upon a smooth glass jar, or the window. To braid worsted goods, draw your designs distinctly on tissue paper, and baste the paper carefully on the article to be braided. See that it is basted evenly and securely so that it will not slip. As you do your braiding tear out the paper. With care, garments may be trimmed in this way as elaborately as if stamped at a store,

Maggie (Muncy, Pa.)

paper. With care, garments may be trimmed in this way as elaborately as if stamped at a store.

Maggie (Muncy, Pa.)
If you are tall, and rather slender, and have dark hair, you could easily and effectively personate. Night. Wear a trailing black skirt, close-fitting waist. Fasten two wide scarfs of the same material at the belt, on the right side or a little below, allowing them to droop considerably. Carry them in loose folds, one across the bosom, the other across the back, to the left shoulder and fasten with a silver-gilt half-moon, one end falling front, one back. Wear tightly-fitting sleeves finished at the wrists with bands of gilt stars, or, if bare-armed, wear wide black velvets studded with stars. Finish at throat with band of stars. Black silk mask and hair trimmed with coronet of stars. A Polish peasant's dress you can easily get up. A ruffled white skirt just to the tops of gaiters or boots laced with some gay color and tassels. Next, a little shorter than the white, a full skirt of red, blue, green or black goods trimmed with gold or silver traid or tinsel. Still shorter a full upper skirt of yellow merino. White shirt waist, over it a yellow sleeveless vest, trimmed with tinsel. A round Polish cap of yellow, edged with swansdown, upon the head. For a fairy, white tarlatane spangled with iny gilt stars, vail and coronet, and low corsage, is appropriate. A flower-girl wears a short gay skirt, a black silk apron, a white slirt waist striped with black velvet ribbon, high-heeled slippers and a Swiss muslin Normandy cap.

John W. M. (Wilmington) asks:
"Leap year is said to be the ladies' year for pro-

JOHN W. M. (Wilmington) asks:

"Leap year is said to be the ladies' year for proposing; now, is this so? Can a lady seriously propose in leap year? If so, has she not a right to do so at any time?"

ose in leap year? If so, has she not a right to do oat any time?"
There is no doubt but that a lady can "seriously ropose in leap year," but we think they seldom o. There is often a play upon the supposed usage, ut very few bona fide proffers of marriage from adies to gentlemen. Certainly a lady has the light to tell a gentleman that she loves him, and rould like him for a husband, in leap year or at any ime; but it is not a thing ordinarily done, and nost women would shrink from it. Perhaps, because they prefer to retain their privilege of making their victims happy or miserable at pleasure; and do not care to know how it is themselves.

"Happy" writes:

"Harry" writes:
"Here is a dispute for you to settle. Can I properly say: 'Cut the apple in half?' I maintain that can; but my father says not. Which is right?" Your father. To cut anything into half, you would have to annihilate one-half. You can say, 'Cut it in halves," "Cut it in two," or "Cut it chrough," but by no human power could you cut anything in half.

anything in half.

KATE JOHNSON (Troy, N. Y.) writes:

"Please tell me if it would be amiss for me to give a present to a gentleman with whom I have been frequently connected in the getting up of concerts and charitable entertainments, now that I am about to move from this town? He is married. If you think I might present him some token of my good-fellowship for him, would you suggest an appropriate gift?"

There would be no impropriety in your making such a present, but you should not proffer too expensive a one. Embroider him a handsome glove, nandkerchief, shaving or watch-case, or a collarbox. Make him a pretty set of tidies, a cigar set, a card-receiver, a music roll or traveling straps; or give him some nice book.

"Funny Jim."

"Funny Jin."
You should not blame the young lady so much for refusing to accompany you to the social. It is optional with a lady always, whether she refuse or accept invitations; nor was it obligatory upon her to give her reasons. They may have been excellent ones, yet in which you were nowise concerned.

# BARUSONT ROUNNAUS-E-3-

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## RED ROB,

### **BOY ROAD-AGENT** IS THE TITLE OF

Oll Coomes' New Serial,

to commence in our next number. In it re appears

DAKOTA DAN AND HIS "TRIANGLE!" and throughout the story this oddest of odd

characters is a leading actor and participant. Red Rob is a strange person, the mystery of whose life is only revealed in the last chapters of the deeply exciting romance in which he is

the hero. But the mystery which overshadows two or three other actors in the wild drama is quite as exciting as that which overshadows young Rob, and we have in these personages a two-fold subject of curious interest.

Among the stirring events and rough scene which come rapidly on with each chapter's narrative, two young girls are involved in a manner to add a third and very sweet ele ment to the romance; while in the old negress and the young imp called The Weasel are delineated two actors who give to the story many a ridiculous and laughable phase.

The romance is one of Oll Coomes' bestwhich is enough to enlist general attention, for when he writes, a large audience reads. He writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

# The Arm-Chair.

WE have occasional communications like the following from a young man in Maine:

"I want a little advice and believe the editors of 'The Favorite Weekly' the men to give it. I have taken your paper for some time. My father is opposed to my reading all story papers. I know reading the JOURNAL does no harm; and I know, too, that since I have been taking it my life has been better and happier. Father objects because, as he says, the stories are all untrue. Can a person read fletion and still be a Christian?"

People who denounce fiction, and ignore it value as an educator, do so from a misconcep tion, and misconceiving, are singularly incon sistent. Some of the finest creations of human genius are fictions. Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey"; Virgil's Æneid; Dante's wonderful "Divine Comedy"; Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," etc., etc., all are fiction and the hosts of great works which men love to admire are led by creations of the imagina

Fictitious acts, characters and events can so simulate life as to ries usually involve what is unusual, or strange, or remarkable, they therefore interest as these things actually would if true. 'Tis this interest which constitutes their charm. When any person can show that such a men tal condition is harmful, it will be time to discard fiction from the house and to put in its stead-not history, for that is not always fact -not biography, for that often is untrue-not poetry, for that is pure fancy-not works on popular science, for Spencer, Tyndall, Proctor and others of their class are great speculators -only the arithmetic, for that is about the only book which has a fixed value.

To discriminate carefully as to the purity or impurity of the composition is, of course, very important, and we think any parent is justi fied in prohibiting the reading of matter, ei ther in books or papers, that is not healthful In the conduct of this paper perfect purity of tone is preserved in all departments, and only those authors are employed whose works ar of unquestionable merit. Some popular pa pers are not models of circumspection in their matter, but such papers the young people themselves soon learn to avoid. It is only the good papers that have any permanent success

THAT "society is bubbling and seething with internal excitement," as one of our lead ing journals avers, may be true, but that "so ciety" is any more "excited" to-day than for generations past, we do not believe.

Each generation seems to think it exception al in its history, but it is the vanity of men and women which impels them to think so. If we will but get beneath the facts of history as recorded in books, to the real life which cre ated that history, we will discover that human nature has changed but little in two thousand years, and that we of to-day are neither more nor less excitable, scandal-loving, bitter in our animosities, or sharply personal in our lan

guage, than our predecessors.

We declaim furiously over the shortcomings of the party in power, and many people really think it is an exceptional era of cor ruption and extravagance, but a glance at the papers of Jefferson's day, or of Jackson's time rill amaze these credulous souls and give them ideas of "bargain and corruption"-of a "li centious press"-of a demoralized public sentiment, which will make the present war of

words seem like a bee's song. Socially we of to-day are not so corrupt as to be exceptional; we are, rather, clearer in our perceptions of right and wrong than any preceding generation, and far more indepen dent in our judgments. The assumed "bub bling and seething" is not an unnatural fer ment-is not even a Macbeth's witches' stew it is but the natural and proper interest in th solution of the rights and privileges of persons property and association; and the man or wo man who "reads the papers," and reading, believes the world to be going all to the dogs, i merely a dupe to a fiction. We are not only not going to the dogs, but, on the contrary, are advancing in the right direction toward the attainment of a nobler civilization and a high

er standard of intelligence. These are our views of the situation.

# Sunshine Papers.

## "I Am a Woman Now!"

"I AM a woman now!" exclaimed a tiny miss, who had just reached the mature age of

She had long admired and coveted two lit tle articles pertaining to feminine attire, pos sessed by an elder sister. Upon her fourth birthday, duplicates of these fancy little affairs were presented to her small ladyship. With great dignity and sobriety, from very excess of delight, she proceeded to adorn herself; and, the new treasures appropriately arranged, she remarked to her mother, with considerable em pressement:

'Look! mamma! I am a woman now!" A woman now! Oh! dear little baby, with your sweet, fresh, flushed face framed in a tangle of silken hair, if the possession and wearing of those scarlet bands with their dainty bows were initiatory, indeed, into the paths of wo manhood, who that loves you could have the heart to bring about the magic transforma-Who could be so pitiless as to strike out the happy dewy morning of your life, to let you walk in the hot, garish, wearisome noon-

And yet, you sigh for the noontide; you are thoroughly human. There is never a present so golden that the past seems not sweeter. It is for to-morrow's we plan and long, always; un-der the vail-clouds of the to-come our treasures are hid ever. The baby-girl cries for a doll but shortly the flaxen-curied, painted female is discarded while its young owner is trying skates and hooples. Soon Miss tires of these and stands at mother's knee coaxing for dressess "buttoned before." The new advance accomplished, she teases for trails; and then sighs for young men.

But it will come soon enough, little one-the womanhood for which your small heart yearns; full soon enough, as we who love you know so soon that we sorrow at the few years of pro bation between. Even if these hold whooping cough and mumps and measles, and all the diseases to which infant flesh is heir, and cuts and bruises and wounds, and broken toys and heart rending squabbles with playmates, and hard essons and disagreeable teachers, and a limited supply of confections and ribbons, and stric hours and the rule of parental power, the fu ture will bring none, none happier. There will be no exemption from illness; there will be cut to pride and friendship like stabs of steel, and ruised spirits, and wounded hearts, and broken vows, and heartrending partings; there will be bitter lessons to learn from stern teach ers, and an unlimited weight to bear of thought and care; and the hours may seem long and wearisome, and there will be a tyrannical ruler in employer, husband, relatives, or so-

A woman now! How can we smile at a entence that will one day be a death-knell? When the little one stands on the verge of maturity and exclaims then, as now, in her baby pride: "I am a woman!" she will ring out the words over the grave of blissful ignorance, of unawakened suspicions, of childish faith, of unshadowed innocence, of joyous carelessn It is true that grandeur and worth and noblest etories come with the strength that knowledge gives, the purity of life that lies above the level of suspicions, faith put to the test, resistance of temptation, the bearing of care and conscientious fulfillment of duty; but do no pasten the days of awakening and struggles and trial, since their coming is inevitable and all will have a chance to carve poorly or well the ecord of their life-work.

ciety.

Luscious and worthful as fruit may be, its beauty is gone as soon as its delicate bloom s rudely touched. Glorious as is the sun at mid-day, who would hasten its glory by sweeping aside the soft white curtains of the dawn with their faint pink fringes? Necessary as is the strength and heat of noontide would we have no morning with its fresh sweet tears and smiles? Soon, too soon, the dear baby faces will become the property of the world soon, too soon, the baby lips will be murmur ng, truly: "I am a woman now!" Shame o the heartless person who would hasten the day by telling the little maiden not to do this cause it is not ladylike," not to do that "be cause it is boyish," to "be a woman!"

Let the girls run, and romp, and jump, and climb, and make the acquaintance of air and sunshine the year through. The day will come when they will bless you for helping them to physical perfection that shall constitute them queens of their sex beside their sickly sister-Never tell them they are too old for soys and dolls and games; if girls would play with dolls into their teens, we should soon have an improved class of women. They discard the harmless pastimes, and crave the older ones that bring late hours and broken rest, quite soon enough without parents helping them, by sighing that Ella is not more womany, Susie is so young of her age.

God bless the teachers! I remember some well, who could control with a look in the chool-room, but at recess enjoyed jumpingrope, and romping, and tearing their dresses as thoroughly as we girls! God bless the mo thers who are not so completely slaves to soci ety and selfishness as not to be able to be their laughters' playmates! Teach the little girls, who may need worthy confidantes in the years to come, to repose entire faith in you now. Do not censure innocent follies; do not laugh at childish secrets; do not deal harshly youthful indiscretions and errors; do not chide bullitions of wild spirits. Do not talk cynical ly and skeptically, of the frailty and depraviy of human nature, of horrors and scandals, before the little ones. Give them vivacious, wholesome reading, and teach them faith in numanity. Keep them healthy and pure-minded, and large-hearted, and young in thoughts, in manners, in dress, as long as you can. Give them, during childhood and maidenhood, the largest latitude for enjoying that invigorating, happy out of door life that probably will be lenied them with the years of womanhood; and do not let them grow up stupidly ignorant of what those years will bring them; in knowledge there is often strength and safety.

Give the little maiden all the joyous, merry days you may; train her as she should be trainr the womanhood she so covets; but keep her from its trials, temptations and cares while you have the power, and she will thank you "I am a woman now even while she cries, A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

# YOUNGSTERS.

WHENEVER I hear people complaining at the noise children make, I am often inclined to think that they never had any childhood themselves, or they would not scold the little ones so much and desire to put all their fun, frolic and mirthfulness in a box and then stop up the key-hole. It is in childhood's nature to be jubilant, and it is contrary to nature's laws, as well as a youngster's disposition, to remain in a quiet attitude for any length of time. They look to

us to help them in their amusements, and we have them removed-I allude to my false ought to aid them all we can.

People are constantly ringing in my ears

that it is so difficult to amuse a child. That is foolish nonsense. I have known one of the most refractory children to be kept amused for hours at a time by merely showing her how to make paper dolls and helping her make them. Surely it is not expensive, nor does it require one to be put out a great deal to do this. You'll find it to be no task at all. The pleasure you are giving the child will become a pleasure to You will enjoy yourself because you will be bestowing happiness on others. Now, isn't it worth while to put ourselves out once in a while to produce such a result?

I know a little fellow who is brim-full of

fun; he has the merriest laugh, the pleasantest smile, the most roguish ways and the most good-natured whistle that can be imagined. A whistle like that is certainly inspiring, and carries good nature with it wherever it goes. Many an otherwise dull hour does he cheer up by that merry whistle. There is something even ludicrous in the very pucker of his lips. I'd a great deal rather hear him whistle a merry tune than have him cogitating over lexicons and conjugations. Yet some persons would fain deprive him of his whistle. They say that he cannot always whistlethrough life. If that is so, then I think he ought to make the most of the time he has now to enjoy himself. Don't, if you have one particle of human feeling in your composition, change his whistle into a If he is obliged to whine over his trou bles in the future—but I don't believe anybody is obliged to do anything of the kind-let him wait for that time to arrive before he puts on his doleful countenance and looks on the world with a stoic's eye.

Maybe business would prosper better and affairs would turn out to more advantage if folks would whistle a little more as they go through life. It is an old superstition about a whistling girl coming to a bad end. I have come acros girls who have been proficient whistlers, and I know they had cheerful and sunny dispositions they became as good mothers as daughters, and never ascertained that they were more inlined to go to the bad because they whistled. Did they never have any troubles or cares? I presume they did, as they were but human, out I verily believe they whistled away half of hem, and I don't think we ought to question their right to whistle all the day long.

Children are talkative. Well, if they have anything to say, let them say it. Oftentimes what is styled "children's gabble" is far more entertaining than the relentless scandal tales of the professional gossiper and busybody. don't find much that is caustic in childrens' conversation. If they do occasionally tell me of the shortcomings of their playmates, I am more prone to believe it is because they heard fault-finding at home than from any invention

We of the Lawless blood don't believe in putting a sort of plaster on the mouths of the youngsters, and not letting them have one word

on any subject.
Yes, Mrs. Particular, I have heard the adage: Children should be seen and not heard and it strikes me that it wouldn't be any great harm if "children of an older growth" take that speech home to themselves and act upon it. There wouldn't be so much tale-bear-

ng then, or so much village gossip.

The plain truth of the matter is, children and their deeds are not thought enough of. We should remember we once were all young ourselves, and felt incensed enough if we were snubbed and hushed up, and put to bed at six o'clock, just to be out of the way. We ought to encourage the youngsters to have ideas of their own, and not treat them as if they were nobodies without brains or minds.

I do think youngsters bring blessings with them, and why some cannot appreciate those blessings is a mystery to EVE LAWLESS.

# Foolscap Papers. Slightly Shaken.

I HAVE had a touch of the chills and fever ately, but they say I had them very lightly I must have taken a cold someway. I think I ook it by standing on the street too longtwo hours and a half only-trying to impress Jones with the fact that six glasses of peanuts vere full returns for a quarter. I am un-

healthy on peanuts.
I took cold then. It seems to me that I will take almost anything that is offered; what

will you take? The next day I began to feel mean. I felt neaner than I ever did in my life, and that, you may know, was pretty mean. I felt, look ed and acted mean. I thought myself I was the meanest man alive.

I began to gap. I had more gaps than a western rail-fence, and I began to stretch all the time. I found that I stretched the truth beyond all belief. It was the worst homestretch I ever made. I believe I could have

stretched boots and made money.

I began to notice a sudden and remarkable colness in myself toward everybody and my wife, even. I seemed to be the biggest piece of coolness extant, although it was a very warm day. I saw I hadn't even a warm feel ing for my nearest friends and I was decided y cold to my neighbor. (I never had felt juite so cold to him.)

I began to shake. My hand shook so that I could not even write my autograph on a duebill a fellow brought me, and had to tell him to call again—a thing that troubled me exceedingly—and him, too.

I sat over the kitchen stove, nearly freezing to death and in my wife's way, and I then wanted to set up two or three other stoves in the room and sit between them. My wife put all the blankets in the house

around me till I looked like Marius in the ruins of Carthage. But I kept shaking the blankets off so much that my wife got mad and said she would tie them around me with ropes if I didn't let them stay on.

I shook so much just then that I had to get ip and shake my wife for getting out of hu-I had often thought that the chills were no

shook up a different opinion. I imagined I was president of the society of Shakers and was trying to do my best. I was anxious to go out into the country and hire myself out to the farmers for the

purpose of shaking winter apples. I could

great shakes, after all that was said, but I

have done a good job and made money by it, When the dishes began to be shaken from the cupboard, I thought it was time to go to bed, as the house hadn't a granite founda-

I imagined four or five earthquakes, and then put them all together, and found that I was far ahead of them all in the matter of a shake-up. My teeth chattered like a sewing society, and

teeth. I was so very cold I imagined I was a granite bowlder frozen up in an iceberg, and that I belonged to the glacier period, and I dearly

wanted to quarrel with the glazier. I begged my wife to put me into a straightjacket and fasten me down. I never indeed shook so wildly in the presence of my greatest

enemy, as I did then. I beat all the lemonade shakers I ever saw. When I began to shake the hair off my head got alarmed, and my brains were never so

shaken-up before. I came near shaking off this mortal coil.

I was so cold that I could have put a red-hot

stove out—of countenance—by merely approaching it, and my wife said I made the room so cold that she could hardly bear to come into

I enjoyed the delicacy of an Arctic winter three long hours, thinking how much I could make a day by hiring myself out as a refrigerator, or to stand in a butcher-shop to keep meat from spoiling, and reflecting on the deights of the torrid zone, and the pleasures of working in a rolling-mill, when that dreadful three-hour's winter of my discontent began to pass off, and I began to get so warm that I had to order the fires put out, and then the stove out also.

I was then as much too warm as I had been too cold, and was worried to death to think I couldn't strike on an average temperature and remain so for awhile.

I thought I would burn up before I was doomed. My cheeks had the rose-bloom of sickness on them to a great degree, and my head was so hot that I could have run away and left it if I could have seen my way clear to do it. I got out of my head, but not suffi-

ciently out of it to get rid of it.

I thought I would have to go to the lunatic asylum before my time, and finally got to imagining that I had the delerium tremens. But still I couldn't give up wholly to that idea, as haven't been in the habit of drinking crotor water to any great extent. But now I wanted water. I didn't seem to hanker after anything lse to drink; you may smile, but I really did n't want anything but water. I earnestly desired to be the croton reservoir, with two or hree ice-houses ship-wrecked in it.

I talked incoherently then, and this gave my wife hopes that I would soon come around to my right mind; she thought that was a good

I thought I was going to die, and tried to think of a single sin I had committed to repent of, but couldn't.

All the old ladies of the neighborhood came n and cheered me by telling how every one of their relatives or acquaintances that had died had been taken just that way. I have fever blisters all over my mouth, so

you may know there is a good many; but I'm better. Washington Whitehoen.

## Woman's World.

WE last week adverted to the incoming tyles for hats and bonnets. As the milliners w begin to define their choice, and to exhibit trimmed goods in their cases, we see that the popular hat is to be of straw or chip, with wide brims or low crowns, somewhat hightened by the trimming. The brims are raised or depressed partially or wholly, to suit the fancy of the wearer; but are generally raised sufficiently to admit of a spray or wreath of flowers beneath.

Adverting to the mounting, our friend Jennie June adds this information. "Large quantities of flowers," she says, "are used upon dressy hats and bonnets, and there is a special fancy for large soft white roses upon the early pecimens of white chip and for silken scarf which constitute the important part of the trimming upon hats for traveling and neglige. Navy-blue is still favorably worn in felt hats and costumes, but in straw it is not considered necessary to strictly repeat the color of the dress, while straw and chip are trimmed with brown for brown suits, and black straws are enlivened with white with a drab or bright

We are assured by our modistes that embroidery is to be "all the style" for general trimmings, this spring. We have seen black tulle magnificently worked in flat garlands of flowers with straw-colored silk, and having a very pretty effect; white tulle worked with silver and blue beads, forming bunches of flowers, and blue, gray and pearl-colored tulle covered with gold and silver beads and span-gles, with laces to match. We have noticed many charming Parisian styles in which flow ers always predominate; among other notable lights was the front of a skirt altogether worked with flowers and covered with tulle The skirts were draped with gauze scarfs in all colors; these were twisted around the skirts and supported by garlands of flowers: then there were shawls of lace or Spanish tulle worked with white beads, and tied at the back, with the ends falling over the skirt and fastened with bunches or sprays of flowers. The flowers most in vogue at present are daisies, pinks and sweet peas, with dark, brilliant leaves; the last named have a charming effect on pink. Saffrons, tulips, and cuckoos are also much in favor; they are mingled with double loops of ribbon in two different colors: either dark green and pink, yellow and lilac, red and gray, or form other combinations. Feathers are also much worn on evening dresses, and have been improved by being covered with sparks of silver, gilt and diamonds.

As to the neck mountings, we have to say that very full ruches are now preferred—the idea being that scant ones savor of poverty. The newest muslin ruchings are laid in triple box plaits that are cut down in the center to show all the lace on the edge in row upon row. This costs \$1.75 a yard. Crepe lisse plaiting for the neck have wider plaitings similarly made for the sleeves. These are first crimped then box-plaited; and two rows of different widths are sewed together and bound by soft lustering ribbon. Other ruches are hemmed and merely side-plaited; two rows of different depths are then used to show the hems. The ightest airy ruffles have a scallop on each plait, and this scallop is finished with a tiny pearl edging. Organdy ruffles are cut bias in order to give them a fuller effect, and are also scalloped and finished with a pearl edge trimming.

From which data our readers may infer just what accessories their new costumes will demand to be in the real New York style. Of dresses and their material we will discourse next week.

Joy descends gently upon us like the evening dew, and does not patter down like a hail-

storm.—Richter. Some men's reputation seems like seed-My teeth chattered like a sewing society, and danced on their edges so wildly that I had to a distance.—Whately.

## Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first ppon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offenings early at-Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special

These contributions we will use: "Waiting;"
"The Hood of Sighs;" "Lady Lane;" "A Touch of
Spring;" "Pastor Jone's First Case:" "Bulls and
Braves;" "An Eager Shot;" "Hold Fast and be
Brave;" "The Tyson Belle;" "A Great Day on the
Branche"

The following we shall have to decline: "Madly Loved;" "A Bad Name;" "The Punt Race;" "A Texan Home;" "The College Romance;" "A Sprite with Red Hair;" "For Better or Worse;" "The Gorden's Tale;" "A Homely Woman's Thought;" "Six Hours of Dreams."

MRS. H. H. The "H. H." of literature is Mrs. KITE-FLYER. The manual you want is "Beadle's Dime Letter-Writer."

CECIL. You know just as much about the adver-isem nt referred to as we do. By inserting an ad-ertisement we by no means indorse it.

W. A. S. The poem is much too long. It has high merit in some of its lines, but is lacking in precision, and is quite defective in punctuation. Miss T. D. N. See "Letter-Box," where a similar query is answered.—We know of no "patent method of piano teaching." It is doubtless some hum-

JOSH 2D. The name of the humorist, "M. Quad," on the Detroit Free Press, is C. B. Lewis. He is an old contributor of the Saturapay JOURNAL. One of his serials was "Mad Dan, the Boy Spy."

JERSEY PLAINS. Beadle's Dime Base-Ball Player is edited by the well-known sportsman, Henry Chadwick, who is an authority in the game. The edition for 1875 is now just ready. It is by far the best of all the books on the subject, and gives, besides all the rules of the game, the averages and scores of the best games played last season.

CLAUDE, St. Louis. The scars referred to will pass away as the outicle heals more fully.

OLD BULL'S-EYE. Either expression is grammatically correct. The better form, however, is—"He remains here for a long time." We know of no grammar which we can commend for self-instruction. Such a book yet remains to be produced. We regard Swinton's series as the best yet produced.

duced.

FARMER BOY. Easter day, by which all the so-called "movable feasts" of the church are governed, occurs always on the first Sunday after the four-teenth day of the calendar moon which happens upon or occurs next after March 21st, so that, if this 14th day happens on Sunday, the succeeding Sunday is Easter Sunday. The day, therefore, may vary several weeks in the date of its occurrence.—We do not think Eben E. Rexford has had a volume of poems printed. His address is Shiooton Station, Wisconsin.—Mrs. Frank M. Imbries address is St. Joseph, Mo.—Write to American News Co. for Fowler's last book.—"The Parson's Daughter" is the lady you indicate.

ady you indicate. GEORGIE KANE. Great Britain is very small in actual land area. It is two-thirds the size of Japan, one-twelfth the size of Hindustan, one-twentieth of China, and one-twenty-fifth of the United States east of the 100° west longitude.

EUGENE. The point which has neither latitude nor longitude, reckoning longitude from Green-wich, is in the center of the Gulf of Guinea, off the coast of Africa.

coast of Africa.

E. P. M. The circulation you name we believe exceeds that of any paper—the claims of several popular weeklies to the contrary notwithstanding. Single numbers are sometimes sent out in excess of the figure named, but a bona fide circulation or regular weekly issue of that amount is, we fensure, not yet reach d by any weekly.

"On Earth." The translation from the Greek makes in or on a matter of taste. To say, "Thy will be done in earth" is the same as to say on or among earth.

DAN EMMET. Chauser was made noot-laurents at

among earth.

DAN EMMET. Chaucer was made poet-laureate A.

D. 1889—the first who ever held that office. Edmund Spencer was made laureate A. D. 1590. Those who held the office between Chaucer and Spencer are now almost forgotten, viz.: Henry Scagan, John Hay, Andrew Barnard and John Skelton. The three who have last held the appointment are Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson.

DAN J. The two U.S. senetars from Tennessee.

Dan J. The two U.S. s-nators from Tennessee are Andrew Johnson and Henry Cooper - both "opposition." The new senator from Texas is Samuel B. Moxey. All the senators from Kentucky, Maryland, Vi ginia, Delaware, Georgia, Missouri, North Carolina, West Virginia, are Democrats.

AXEV. The roots of the plants of the family sarracenia are invaluable as a remedy for indigestion. Chew a bit of the root and the worst case of indigestion is relieved. Or, place the roots in a bottle and cover with spirits, and take a teaspoonful of the tincture. Relief soon follows.

IGNORANCE. Capital punishment for murder pre-vails throughout all the world. Only in one or two States of our Union has it been superseded by life imprisonment as experimental. Its reinstatement has been deemed necessary. Only the death penalty seems to have any terror for the bloody-minded. It seems very brutal and prairilled. It seems very brutal and uncivilized to hang or shoot a human being, but until the world grows better the death penalty cannot, apparently, be abolished with safety. The average of crime, for a given term of years, is no greater than it was 100 ROB ROY. If you can have a marriage ceremony

Rob Rov. If you can have a marriage ceremony iegally performed with a girl of seventeen, it will hold in law, but she being a minor must have consent of her parents or guardians, else no one properly authorized to perform the ceremony will consent to officiate. If, however, you can find a clergyman or justice of the peace who will unitely you the marriage will hold, although the parents may retain possession of their child until her majority. As she is so near her majority our advice is to wait.

to wait.

Comparison. Last year only 1965 horses ran in England in 1872 races, showing that the same horses must run over and over again. In the 954 races of the United States 125 horses ran, showing less repetition. The return of thoroughbred brood mares in England was 2665; in America it has not been reported, except for 366 mares. Probably there are at least a thousand. Thus all the thoroughbred horses in the world, including those of France, not reported, are inside of ten thousand animals.

RACER BOY asks: "Who is the best racehorse

RACER Boy asks: "Who is the best racehorse now living in England, and have we any as good here?" The best horse in England is undoubtedly Blair Athol, one of the sons of Stockwell, who was the best of his day. Blair Athol has sired 31 winners, which have taken 86 races between them. To show what turfmen are, it is curious to notice that Adventurer, a son of New Minster, who only sired 11 winners of 35 races, won a third more money for his owner than Blair Athol.

ALA. Yes. Shooting on the wing depends on

Adventurer, a son of New Minster, who only sired 11 winners of 35 races, won a third more money for his owner than Blair Athol.

Ala. Yes. Shooting on the wing depends on principles, and can be learned without practice in the field at birds, at least to a certain degree of respectability. It depends on exactly the same general laws as rifle-shooting. With a double barrel, if you sight straight along the middle rib to the little sight at the end, you cover your mark with a good gun. That is the whole secret of aiming. Bogardus, the best wing-shot in the world, who has out down more birds than any man living, expressly states this to be his whole secret. The only difference between wing and target-shooting is, that in the latter you have time to aim steadily, in the former there is no time to do more than cover and pull. With all this, the man above mentioned never hurries himself, but always fires slowly and deliberately, even in pigeon matches, where there are hundreds and thousands of dollars depending on one out of fifty or a hundred successive birds. Ira Paine, his rival, is one of the lightning shots, and Bogardus has always beaten him. The method of the latter to teach wing-shooting is as follows: Get a gun that "fits" you, that comes up to the shoulder and enables you to sight without eraning over the neck too much. First practice aiming and pulling quick with an empty gun, as in rifle-shooting. Then try blank cartridge. Then aim at a paper target on a barn, at thirty yards' distance. Use several targets, counting the shot holes every time, till you find that you put the center of the charge inside of a foot square every time. Then go into the field and practice at flying birds. There is a late invention that beats this. It is called the gyropigeon, is made of steel, painted black, and is just as hard to hit as a real pigeon. It is wound up with cord like a top, set spinning, and flies up in the air wherever pointed. Its use It is wound up with cord like a top, set spinning, and flies up in the air wherever pointed. Its use as a moving target will soon make an expert wingshot of any person, with a little practice.

### ONE HEART.

BY LETTIE A. IRONS.

Alone in my room, I hear
The sounds of mirth from below;
And I know that to-night I must stand by her side,
Hear her speak the words that will make her his And give no sign of my woe.

Once I had hoped to be his—
Oh, God! that the hopes should be dead!
I had dreamed to stand where she stands to-night.
With a heart that was happy and free and light—
Ah! bitter the tears that I shed.

My hope is forever past;
I watched it wither and die,
My life is shorn of its brightness and joy,
Yet still I must smile, and my future life
Must be but a living lie.

My heart, like the aloe plant, Has blossomed in perfect flower, It will live through the dreary years to come, Till the lie is o'er and its life is done, But it never will blossom more.

# The Terrible Truth:

THE THORNHURST MYSTERY BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER IX. THE FIRST SHADOW.

THERE was no moon but the stars shone out brightly through the frosty still air. The lights from the mansion had gone out one by one: the gloomy house just without the Thornhurst domain had been wrapped in unbroken slumber for two hours or more. It was close upon midnight, and the whole countryside was brooded over by the silence which the midnight hour should bring.

As silent as the unmoving objects about, as much a part of the dusky night as they, was the dim shape waiting without the closed gate in the high dense hedge. She had waited there an hour, the same patient, silent form. It was the second night she had been at the tryst, and the fear of disappointment for the second time was chilling to her heart.

"He will not come," she thought, drawing the dark mantle she wore closer about her. And at the moment her quick ear caught the crackle of the crisp grass under a footstep advancing through the woodland. She stood still, no evidence of eagerness breaking through the composure she had enforced, but for all that there was a force of passion which might almost have astonished the man who was com ing, firmly as he believed in her devotion to him. He was there in a moment, his arm about her, his voice tender as it had been two years before, but in that very first moment of their meeting a vague revelation of the change in him struck her coldly. It may have been the influence of her disappointment before, it may have been that wonderful intuition which is a subtler, truer power in woman than the more occult processes of reasoning are to man

"Faithful to the trust, my Venetia! I al most doubted finding you here at this late hour, and now you do not seem rejoiced to see me as I hoped you might be. How have I offended, Venetia?"

She had drawn a little away from his circling arm; she had let him kiss her forehead but did not offer her lips.

"I was here to a much later hour last night, Owen. And you have not written to me for months. Is it wonderful that your tardiness and your negligence should link as evidence that you have regretted our hasty step of two

"That you should doubt me, Venetia! That perfect as never to admit doubt, don't you

know that?" There was plaintive reproach in Owen Dare's tone, that indirect shifting of blame from his own shoulders, which had seldom failed in his dealings with womankind before this. Women and dogs are the more faithful the more they are misused, but to make the rule good in either case there must be perfect mastery and however madly she had loved him, might still love him. Owen Dare never saw one mo ment of his life that he was this woman's mas

"I know there should be strong foundation for such a trust, Owen. I know we should contribute equally to build up such. But if you have regretted anything of the past I am will ing to bury it dead as though it had never

'This my passion-flower! This the warm hearted, ardent girl who promised me so truly when I saw her last-Venetia, I don't know you in the cold-blooded creature talking in such a style-speaking of burying the past which is not even resurrected to our own know-

"You forget that I number self-command among my other accomplishments, and I have had long months to brood over the probable causes of your silence and apparent forgetful ness of me; and your failure to come to me soon as you were here has not been reassur-

ing."
"My neglect was too faithful exercise of were most the caution which you yourself were most earnest in urging me to employ. I was fear ful of addressing you too often. I trembled with every lett r, lest it should fall into wrong hands. And last night, the first at Thorn hurst, my absence would have been remarked, possibly suspicion aroused."

"Then you are not changed, Owen? Are you sure, very sure, you have not been won away from me?"

He detected the wistfulness, the willingness to receive his assurance in the perfect faith he had expected from her at the first, and the assurances were not lacking.

"You must promise never to doubt again, Venetia, never even if circumstances should make it appear that you have cause." "I did not doubt as it was. I never could

unless I knew you false, and then-" 'And then, my darling?" "Only what I said a moment ago. You need never have anything to fear at my hands If you ever do regret, from that moment you are free as the wind from any claim of mine. I only ask that you shall be honest with me that you shall never deceive me; that you shall tell me frankly if such a change ever should

"And how solemn you grow over it, as if it were the most likely thing in the world! Suppose now that dolorous view you are taking should come about, how long before you would be an avenger upon the track, a Nemesis not to be turned aside? If I could prove so weak as to be false to you, you would hate me as fiercely as you loved me once."

that I should ever wish to injure you. I would Mr. Walter Montrose was its terrible quietude. die myself rather than bring harm upon any one I ever loved."

"You never shall be tempted by me, at least, Venetia. How we are wasting the precious moments of this precious interview in discussing a possibility which is not even the re motest possibility in our case. May I light a cigar to ward off this chill, or is my respected father-in-law not supposed to be so sound ly sleeping but such sacrilegious odor so near his sanctified ground bears the chance of rous-

ing him?"
"There is no danger."
"Thanks." He struck a light, and the momentary blaze showed Mr. Dare's serene eyes looking upon her with a fond glance that went straight to Venetia's heart. If she had doubted before this in spite of herself she did so no longer now. "See here, love," his tone was very excessively tender as he possessed him-self of both her hands, "whatever may come up after this—we are so uncertainly situated there's no telling what might arise, you know -never forget that you are my own loyal wife, for better or worse; never let yourself suppose that I can forget it. I only ask you to believe in me. If you have a misgiving let me prove it false until the time when there can be no chance for misgivings, when I can go to your father and claim you for my own, and show a record not wholly unworthy such a Is it a bargain, my wife?"

"I don't think I would wish to live if I ever could lose trust in you, Owen." How perfect her faith had grown, how beautiful, how dear to her heart just then! A few more minute flew, Mr. Dare's cigar burnt close under the tip of his handsome nose and he tossed it down, tramping the glowing end out as it gleamed

wickedly in the frost-spangled grass.
"I'll come to-morrow night if it's for no more than a moment or so, and again the next and after that we'll probably be off again. I've formed hope through this connection of mine with the Vivians. It isn't beyond possibility that I may be settled at Thornhurst vet as

"And that reminds me-I was almost forgetting-I want you to get me introduced at Thornhurst, Owen. There is no reason why I shouldn't be admitted on equal footing with oth er young ladies of the neighborhood who visit You can bring it about in some way, I

"It is out of the question," asserted Mr. Dare, a little startled, and quite decided. "What put that notion in your head, my dear? The colonel, you know, has some sort of preposterous prejudice against your father, which also includes you, and even if that objection were out of the way, the liberty would not be permissa ole to a mere guest as I am at present. I wish I could oblige you, Venetia, but it's not possible, you see.

"Then make it possible! It may be out of the question for you to introduce me there, of course I know that, but you can bring the result about through some other source. There is your friend, Mr. Vane Vivian, could manage

it, or one of the ladies possibly.' "I don't know; it would be a hard matter if done. It couldn't be much advantage as the family stay there so short a time."

"But they come back for the Christmas fee tivities which may extend for an indefinite period. It was my father's desire first and it is my wish now, because, Owen, it will bring me nearer to you."

It was by no means Mr. Owen Dare's wish. It was the furthest from his wish in fact, though he did not say so in words. He promised a little vaguely to see what he could do; there was a lingering farewell; then the gate closed after her and he strolled away through the cedar grove, looking up at the calm stars through the interstices and reflecting as he went.

"More liberal than I ever thought she could I should be called to an account before ever I be," his thoughts ran. "And Venetia means receive a welcome! Is that your love for me, every word she says! I'd lay my head to it, peach or give a sign." Mr. Dare's punctilious expression was not always held to strict account in his own self-communings. mean to do it, of course not, but it was a rash move to entangle myself completely as I did. I don't regret it and I don't expect to. is Mrs. Sholto Norton Haves and the eighty thousand I might have had-really I am inclined to return thanks for my deliverance. don't know that I'd absolutely change matters if I had the power now, but by some means I must bluff Venetia off from her notion about Thornhurst. That wouldn't suit, by any

As he made his way toward the mansion rising in black outline against hill and sky, another face rose up in his mind side by side the dark, beautiful one which had so lately looked trustingly upon him under the starlight -Nora's face as he had covertly watched it that day, pure, fair, and daintily flushed, wide brown eyes sparkling animatedly, and glowing hair massed about the shapely little head Mr Dare telt that his choice had been between two types of such opposite loveliness that it was inevitable he should regret the one, having chosen the other, and it made but slight matter, as there was no difference in the scale of their worldly possessions, each being munificently dowered with beauty and nothing else.

Venetia went in silently over the leaf-strewn path where the tangled shrubbery brushed her garments on either side, the sweetest peace her proud, torturous life had ever known resting upon her. It was such dear peace to her whose rebellious spirit had stung her often under the wonderful self-command she had gained. With all the world to choose from she would not have asked more of her own free will just then than this happiness of her's openly acknowledg ed; all the goods of life seemed so pitiful in

The warm flush in her cheeks was chilled: thrill of terror shot to her heart as a dark shadow obscured her way, and in the clear starlight her father's tall form loomed up before her. She did not scream and she did not attempt to fly. She simply stood still and braced herself for the worst of what might come. How long he had been there, how much he might know of her own proceedings, she could not ever

'You choose a strange hour for rambling, Venetia," he said, in a metallic tone before which she shrank. "Not strictly a conventional hour if you will permit me to suggest it Will you take my arm back to the house, Miss

She permitted her hand to be drawn unre sistingly through his arm and walked in total silence by his side. He led her in through a dark passage to a small room, where a light was burning. He released her hand and waved her to a chair but remained standing

"Sit down. Venetia." The calm, hard face of the man had not moved a muscle, but there was a cold glitter in those steely eyes which was more terrible to her than a belching battery would have been.

One glance of those cold eyes had power to scathe to the very soul; a half-dozen words in that ringing, metallic tone were more potent than the fiercest tornado Colonel Seymour

Vivian could utter. "I must confess surprise at the discovery of your odd taste, lately developed let me hope," he went on. "A chance discovery brought about through fancying I heard the jar of a door some time since, and a reconnoisance disclosed yours on the swing. You must have been in haste to have left it so carelessly. A glance showed me that you were not in your room; the just perceptible odor of a cigar on the air without guided me to the end of the garden walk. I went, doubting, incredulous. paused, convinced, at the sound of voices, one of which I distinctly recognized as yours. Look a little less sphinx-like, if you can, Venetia. That is an uncomfortable expression your face is wearing, and nothing is more admirable than studious control of the features to the will. Of course I withdrew to a suitable distance immediately. I had no desire to play the spy upon my daughter's actions; I should be most sorry to lose confidence in her to an extent leading to that. I refer to the matter now, Venetia, to recall certain hopes and expectations of my own which I have taken considerable trouble to impress upon your mind. I have had ambitious aims for you, the nearest to see you installed as mistress of Thornhurst. I am not in the habit of being thwarted, as you know; let me suggest it would not be policy to disappoint me there through any failure of yours. Also it might perhaps be better if these midnight rambles be

detain you longer. Good-night, Miss Venetia He held the door open and she passed through, not having uttered one word. went blindly up the few steps leading to her own chamber, with a feeling of suffocation come upon her, a dumb dread which seemed to paralyze nerve and action. He had overheard enough to suspect the truth, if he did not know it; the emphasis he had placed upon the pro-nunciation of her name at length showed that, and his relentless determination to trample down any obstacle coming before the fulfillment of his wishes. Heaven's ordinance of marriage is not easily set aside, but a dread terror seized her as she thought what other alernative might remove the obstacle.

dispensed with hereafter, though I leave that

entirely to your discretion. Only one thing

nore: if any fancy of yours should raise an

bstacle between yourself and Thornhurst, the

bstacle shall be removed. I think I need not

How far off now seemed the peace and hap-piness of the last half hour! how impossible hat she should ever feel secure in such again! Venetia Montrose had passed more than one bitterly wakeful night before this; never one so fraught with numb despair.

The question of Miss Montrose's appearance at the mansion had been presented and settled. hours before her own request to Dare. never let grass grow under her feet in pursuing any object of her own, and the narration of their accident was promptly followed by a request for permission to invite the young lady to visit her there.

"Bring the daughter of Walter Montrose here!" vociferated Colonel Vivian. "I'd as soon bring a cobra into the house. Let this settle that question now and forever, Miss Carteret; Montrose's daughter does not set oot within my doors, and you will have nothing to do with her on pain of my bitterest disleasure."

Nora was disappointed keenly, but there was no gainsaying her guardian in that mood—as near an approach to the tempestuous as he often exhibited toward her.

VANE'S FRIEND. THE metropolitan season opened brilliantly. of gaveties. There were all the grades of balls, parties, and receptions there were the operas, the drives on fine days in elegant toilets, the rounds of calls made and calls received, to fill up morning, eve and night for understand the fashionable world knows no

It was all very delightful to Nora. She went through the whole course, day in and day out, and never wearied. Mrs. Grahame took her everywhere. The colonel, making a grand figure and nearly as much lionized as a younger man might have been, was very of ten their escort. Failing him, there was no lack of others. Vane very rarely served in the capacity, and then with such unappreciation of the honor that Mrs. Grahame gave decidedly the cold shoulder to the young man and left him undisturbed to his own pursuits. There was a whisper afloat that these same pursuits were not in strictest accordance with the moral code with which society, however hollow at heart, polishes its outer shell. all that, society was very gracious to Mr. Vane Vivian when he chose to honor its gathering with his presence. But then society has admirably adapted itself to the sort of practice which strains at a gnat and swallows

Very different in his habits and the spirit displayed was his chosen friend. Owen Dare. It was even a matter of wonder that such a Damon-and-Pythias-like sentiment could exist between such opposite types. Mr. Dare was a most exemplary character. He was also untiring in his devotion, a model escort, and always in faithful attendance upon the movements of the Grahame party. more unconscious than Nora herself of how very marked his attentions had become, and of the rumor which was beginning to link

their names with customary freedom. There was a question mingled, however. Was Dare at his old game again, or was he really going in for a winning hand, as all appearances seemed to denote? They didn't anow that the little Carteret came up to his figure, but of course, being Colonel Seymour Vivian's ward, she could not be of small importance. There was a whisper of those diamond mines in Brazil, too. Trust Dare to know what he was about; he was not at all the sort of man to lose his head unawares, and just there rumor made its mistake. He was not the sort of man to lose his head, but, hav ing lost it, he was just the sort of man to stop

at no lengths to carry his own object. "Such a pity their positions couldn't be reversed," said Mrs. Grahame to Nora, after one Dare's daily visits. He did not confine himself to simple calls; he came at all hours he dined with the family; he even breakfasted and lunched with them on occasions; he had managed to make himself indispensable to the colonel as he had become to Mrs. Grahame herself. "Cousin of mine though he be, I can't indorse Vane's doings. I shouldn't like to answer for the consequence if the whole story of his misdeeds were to come to colonel unawares, and that splendid Mr. Dare wards half the blame away from him and "I never should, Owen—loving once I could | She knew she had the worst to dread then, and | keeps the colonel soothed when he's apt to be

they are not differently placed. A son and heir of Owen Dare's strict rectitude would be a great comfort to my uncle, while Vane is not likely to prove anything but the opposite. "Of what frightful things is Mr. Vane Vivian guilty?" asked Nora. "My guardian doesn't see any fault in him, I am very sure. It's nothing but 'Vane' when I am with him,

until I fairly weary of the name." "All my uncle's policy, my dear!" And Mrs. Grahame looked volumes she would not speak, which were Greek to Nora's unsuspecting sight. "As for Vane, he is going the road to ruin fast as any wild young man ever went over it. There isn't an indiscretion in the whole catalogue of which he has not been guilty, so far as I can learn. He is absolutely, criminally reckless in regard to money matters. He has gambled away a fortune in two weeks here, and they say it's nothing to the debts he came loaded with from the continent."
"They say! Who says, Mrs. Grahame?"

"I believe Owen Dare was obliged to say it. There was no putting the affair off, and the colonel had to be appealed to. He paid the oill, it was an enormous amount, and swore to disinherit Vane before he would settle another one. It occurred the first week after you came I wonder you didn't suspect something

of a disturbance, Nora."
"I was too much occupied in my new world. I presume, and the colonel never speaks other than well of his son to me. I should not suppose he would speak willingly of such a matter

"You are quite right. He did not speak of it even to me, but it was impossible to keep the matter quiet, and Owen Dare told me the truth of the story to save any prejudice I might gather through a floating, exaggerated report, though how it well could be exaggerated 1 can

not comprehend." "It is evident, then, that Mr. Dare himself was in no way anxious to spare you a prejudice. I should consider it a breach of honor to discuss a matter which the parties most con-cerned would not wish exposed. Possibly, too, Mr. Vivian might put another aspect on the

"Not a more truthful one, I am sure. And the circumstance it seems was not even a warning to Vane. He is wilder, more reckless than ever since that. Think of such a young man running through with Thornhurst and all the colonel will have! Really, if I had a daughter of an age to marry who might choose between the two, I would not hesitate in preferring Dare for Vane's brilliant prospects. With all the property in his hands he would be a beggar in three years, and Owen Dare will build him self up from nothing yet, mark my words. Enough of that subject, however; though I naven't words to express my indignation when I think of my cousin's course. Do you care to

go driving this afternoon, Nora?"
"I think I shall not go out to-day. It occurs to me, Mrs. Grahame, that we may not have done all our duty toward Mr. Vane Vivian. Wild and reckless young men have been reclaimed before this—why not again? I think I should like the credit for one returned pro-digal laid at my door, and I am going to ask him to take me to the exhibition to-morrow."

You are going to ask him, Nora!" "I am going to ask him, Mrs. Grahame Don't look so horrified, pray. You know he wouldn't ask me in an eternity. It's rather against my hopes that he has so little liking

for me. "I am not so sure of that, but I certainly thought you were particularly averse to him I am positive I heard you refuse the colone this morning when he was making arrange ments for your going to the opera with Vane.

"That was quite another matter. I don't choose to be bartered by a third person, not even my guardian. Mr. Vivian shall refuse my request or accept it on his own accountnot accommodate himself to another person's wishes. He is coming to dinner to-day, commyself up most charmingly for the occasion. I shall make a merit of charity and overcome my dislikes.

"Consult your own taste, of course, Nora, though it is not one of Vane's rules to keep Mrs. Grahame's voice was a trifle chilled and distant. She had meant to give the girl a warning of the reputation her young eousin had gained for himself, perhaps to insinuate the truth of the colonel's hopes which her sharp, worldly eyes had penetrated—the hope that through Nora Vane might be reclaimed—and to throw the weight of her influence far as it went on the side of her favorite, Dare. "If you really mean to rush into a Quixotic undertaking, be guided by my advice and begin systematically. Reconsider your decision of this warning and accept Vane's escort to the opera to-night. Too much Clicquot at dinner, followed by copious draughts of eau vie through the evening, will tell on the hardiest constitution, and it is not wonderful he has broken under the practices. For my own part I should decidedly prefer him for an evening companion than for an escort for the You would be apt to find him distrait and unnerved to an uncomfortable gree, for my cousin Vane, among his other rices, numbers the one of very immoderate dissination "

Don't tell me anything more just now that's bad about him. I don't intend to be

discouraged. Mr. Vane Vivian proved an exception to his rule by keeping his promise that evening at He came early and found Nora vivid. sparkling, brightly joyous, as she always was these later days. Her dress was pale-blue with a sheen which would light exquisitely, a full evening costume trained and puffed, with pearls, which were the colonel's gift, on her neck and arms and mingled with her ruddy

She came forward as he was admitted in company with Dare to give her hand, while she deigned only a careless nod to the latter. Her first awakening to the real character of Dare had come more than two years before, and she was distrusting him without cause it might seem, but distrusting him heartily never-

"You deserve an especially warm welcome, Mr. Vivian. You are so chary about claiming

"My own loss, is it not? And I never gave you credit for observing whether I was present

"You don't give me credit for half I do deserve, but I shall return good for evil by crediting you with more than I've had evidence of—a great deal of gallantry. Of course there's an ax to grind to draw that from me. The truth is our escort for the evening has made another engagement and we want to press you into service instead. The colonel is hard to entice into opera-going at the best, and it appears that Mr. Dare has power to make his promises void."

otherwise have brought myself to break upon your pleasure. Even my business with the colonel could have waited, and the honor of this service should not have been pressed upon Vane if my service could have compensated.' "You're so full of business these days it's

little wonder if the colonel finds you invaluable, Dare. I couldn't wish you to be anything else since it gives me the pleasure of this attendance upon Miss Carteret. Won't you give me one song before dinner, Miss Carteret? It's extremely selfish to ask it, of course, but I fancy music may have charms to soothe a hungry man's soul well as the savage ear. Imagine a greater savage if you can than a famishing mortal in a drawing-room."

"Not meaning yourself, I hope," she laugh-

ed, as they moved away, "or do you never spare yourself?"

"Why should I?" he asked, somewhat bit-terly. "Others do not spare me. It's all very proper of course. To stand well with all the world one wants to be like Dare there, sans puer et sans reproche."

She glanced up quickly, but the cloud which had touched it was already gone from the dark, slightly haggard, handsome face.

Dare, watching them, was inwardly furious. He had made his own choice; he had no right to expend even the free admiration he was giving her; his allegiance belonged elsewhere; but for all that he was bitterly jealous of every other man who looked admiringly upon the lit-tle girl he had held so lightly once. He was most bitter, most jealous of that handsome, wild young fellow, Vane Vivian. There had been secret envy in his heart always toward this far-off cousin, who had been born to a high place, to all the gold and purple, while he at the very best had been an equal by tolerance, a guest received through their generous hos pitality who was not grateful, who was venomous in the secret hate he cherished. Such the Pythias of this modern brotherhood!

"You have been ahead all your life," thought Dare, his moody glance following Vane. "Once ahead is not always ahead, however. There may be a turn of the scale sooner than you think, and, with the power in my hands, no evil on earth could more than wipe out the score I owe you."

An old score long gathering, every sign of which had been well hidden by Dare's close, secretive nature, but which he brooded over, and looked forward to a reckoning neither distant nor uncertain. A scheme had been slow-ly unfolding in Dare's mind during these passing, gay, early winter days—a bold scheme cruel as fate and almost as certain, with that human sleuth-hound set upon it.

Oh, for the shadows to fall on those two heads, so close together now as he watched them! Oh, for the torture of that proud heart, so strangely, bitterly disciplined, back in the vicinity of Thornhurst! Oh, for Dare himself, going down into the blackness of nfamy to avenge a wrong of his own envious fancying, to gain a point in this life, when all eternity could not wipe out the stain he was ndelibly branding upon his own soul!

Vane was the ladies' escort to the opera that night, something to Mrs. Grahame's surprise, and more to her indignation. Miss Carteret's whim had taken more speedy shape and action than she had anticipated, and Mrs. Grahame was duly scandalized, as any conventional matron would have been, at the outre conduct of Colonel Vivian's ward. No one else thought t outre, it is safe to presume. There were a score of young men in the crowded auditorium who would have given much to stand in Vane Vivian's shoes that night, sins, shortcomings, enticing visions of mania a potu and squandered estates in prospective—one and all. Among them a half-dozen who would have punched the presuming puppy's head, provided they could. in a close match, with his well-developed mus-cle, if by so doing a single smile might have been won from the reigning belle. But only one, who came in late and watched her, furing early he promised, and I am going to get | tively, more than the play, would plot stealthily and execute faithfully, to work out the end

> The evening brought a small triumph to Nora. Her heart was in this mission she had undertaken, and she played her card so cleverly that Vane himself proposed the exhibition. and begged her company there on the follow-

> He was neither unnerved nor distrait when he presented himself the next morning. This past night had seen him in a spot which of late had known him but seldom during the hours of darkness, for but brief intervals at any time, his own well-furnished apartments. He had slept sweetly and peacefully as a child all the night through. And in another room which joined, Dare had lain wakeful, brooding, motionless, until the gray dawn had crept sluggishly into the murky streets, and the first stir

> of the day began. Vane and Nora had agreed to go early to the academy where the exhibition took place, in time to avoid the throng of afternoon visitors who would crowd there. paratively deserted, a few groups scattered here and there, a few strolling singly or in pairs, the soft radiance falling over the pictures on the walls, bringing them out in vivid tints.

> They had made half the circuit, surprising each other by their sympathetic appreciation when Vane stopped short, turned and looked earnestly at a gentleman who was following them leisurely up the hall. 'Wait here a moment, Miss Carteret. That

> s some one I ought to know, though by some means he seems deucedly out of place here. Not the sort of man one is likely to forget-by He was gone from her side with a sudden

> start, and a dozen steps in advance the two young men met with a warmth which almost brought a smile to Nora's lips. Talk of exuberant expression among women after that," she thought. "What a fine-

> looking gentleman the stranger is, not so hand-Vane, but so frank and manly A tall, broad specimen of manhood he was, with straightforward, bright blue eyes, lightbrown hair, cut close to his head, and a curling beard, bronze-bright in the morning sunlight. He was very plainly dressed, but she had time ow white and soft his hands were.

> ger, before they approached her. "Miss Carteret," said Vane, flushed with pleasure still, "allow me to present a friend, Sir Rupert Archer—Sir Rupert, Miss Carteret. The surprise of this meeting has thrown me off my balance, I believe."

and that a ruby ring burned upon his little fin-

tion creditably, though such unexpected facing of nobility almost took her breath away.

Nora managed to respond to the introduc-

"Sir Rupert was the very best friend I had abroad, first in London, but afterward at Rome, Florence, and Naples. I couldn't believe my eyes at seeing you here. Just come, did you say?"

By the last steamer, and I am overjoyed "That is meant as a reproach and it is not merited, Miss Carteret," said Dare, quickly. "I really understood you had declined going ing, Miss Carteret, and Vivian's the first fanever hate. I can imagine no wrong so deep not the least impressive feature in the anger of furious. I repeat, it's the greatest of pities to the opera to-night. You know I could not miliar face I have seen. I have an appointment to meet a friend in-let me see-just half an hour from now," consulting his watch, "and strolled in here to pass the intervening time." He lingered for ten minutes, talking mostly

with Vane, addressing some remarks concerning the pictures, the morning, the great metro polis, and the voyage over, to Nora—such things as people speak of casually, but in that ten minutes Nora decided that she should like this Sir Rupert Archer, Vane's friend.

The two gentlemen changed cards at parting, and afterward Vane waxed eloquent over this same Sir Rupert, until Nora almost forgot the purpose which had been first in her mind when she left home that morning. He caught her eyes turned to his face wistfully as it came back to her, and broke off in the middle of a strain.

"You look as if you wanted to tell me something, Miss Carteret. I have been too elated myself to attend properly to your pleasure, I

am afraid."
"I do wish to speak to you, to tell you some thing I fear, and I may not have another opportunity. I wanted to warn you against Owen Dare. I feel certain, somehow, that he is not acting fairly by you. I believe he is trying to make trouble between your father and yourself. I am sure he is not your friend, as he pretends. It must seem presumptious for me to say this to you, but I believe it, and

wanted you to know. "My dear Miss Carteret! Dare not my friend - Dare make trouble! I thank you sincerely for your good intentions, but you are laboring under some great mistake. You can't know how faithful Dare has been to me.'

"I know he has seemed so, but he is a hypocrite, I do believe. Would it not be better to go to your father yourself than to trust any gobetween?"

Suddenly the haggardness which had been lifted from his face came back to it. Nora was chilled at the change; it put such a distance between them where they had been so near a

"It is not to be expected you should understand these affairs, Miss Carteret. mistaken regarding Dare—you do him injustice. Think hardly of me as you like; you can do me no injustice. Shall we go home

"You are not angry that I have spoken? she asked, timidly.

He looked down at her, his face softening. "Angry? no. God bless you for it, Nora. But you can't know the kind of hell I am in!" (To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

# The Rival Brothers.

THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAZELWOOD HALL. PIER No. - was crowded. Throngs of peo ple were pouring to it in one steady stream; carts, carriages and vehicles of all sorts rattled over the stony city streets, and deposited their inside freight of travelers, and their outside freight of baggage on the thronged pier, blazing under a scorching July sun.

"Everybody" was supposed to have left New York, but New York looked tolerably full yet, judging from the number in this particular spot, coming to see their friends off for England, or from idle curiosity. The steamer's deck was thronged, too; in fact, every available portion of the steamer, excepting the smokepipe, was thronged, and great and mighty was the uproar thereof.

Among the many groups, a little knot of four persons stood, two ladies and two gentlemen. Place aux dames! The ladies were very young, mere girls in their teens, and one very pretty, It was the tall one with the co-quettish turban that sat so jauntily on her black curls, the scarlet tip of its black plume not brighter than the living scarlet on cheek and lip; her tightly-fitting black basquine showing off to perfection a superb figure, lithe and slender as a young willow, and the mora ing sunlight floated back from a pair of luminous dark eyes, of unfathomable depth and brightness. She leaned lightly against the railing, the breeze fluttering her gray dress, the black lace vail she held in her gloved hand, waving like a black banner, the jetty curls, and deepening the roses in her cheeks as she gazed at the crowd before her and talked with er companion.

It was the other young lady, a jolly little damsel, plump and debonnaire, whose laughing face was all aglow with excitement and whose tongue ran in a perpetual flow of tittle For the gentlemen: one was dark, elderly, sharp-looking, and wore spectacles; the other young, eminently handsome, and languidly indifferent to the vulgar uproar about

Of course you recognize them-Eve, Hazel, Doctor Lance and Professor D'Arville-professor no longer, but simply Monsieur Claude D'Arville, secretary to the Honorable Arthur Hazelwood, of Hazelwood, County of Essex, England. And they are fairly off on their

And Hazel's chattering tongue was running on incessantly.

"Eve, look there! How killingly that gentleman stepping from the hack is got up! Why, my goodness! I declare if it's not Don Signor Monsieur Mustache Whiskerando himself!

Eve looked, knowing very well who Hazel meant, and saw a for ign-looking and most distinguished gentleman alight from a hack, his cloak over his shoulder, in spite of the heat of that boiling July morning, and his sombrero pulled over his eyes. The memory of a moonlight night, of a Canadian village, and a stranger slipping up to the gate over which she leaned, flashed back on Eve's mind. "It's Mister Mendez, I vow!" Hazel was

crying. "It can't be possible, you know, that

Hazel stopped suddenly. Among the surging sea of human beings, ebbing and flowing on the pier, another form had caught her eyes, that of a young man, who approached Senor Mendez, passed his arm through his and walk ed with him on board. Eve saw him at the same time, and her brows contracted in spite of Hazel's joyful little cry: 'Oh, Eve! there is Paul!"

"I see him!" Eve said, in a vexed tone, "and they are coming here!"

She threw the vail she held, over her hat to hide her flushed and annoyed face. She had not seen Paul Schaffer since that memorable night at his aunt's, and the scene under the pinetree came back, and its hateful memory burned like fire in her face. Some one touch lightly on the shoulder, and D'Arville's dark eyes were piercing through the

"Here are two of your friends, mademoielle. Ah! I perceive you have seen them!" His tone and smile annoyed her intensely, but the two new-comers had forced their way along the deck and stood before them, hat in

Very coldly, very slightly, Miss Hazelwood acknowledged Mr. Schaffer's salute, choosing to ignore altogether the hand he extended, but Talleyrand himself never was more completely and utterly nonchalant than he. If the waters of Lethe had been a reality, and he had drunk out the memory of this last interview, Paul Schaffer could not have been one whit more at

If Eve's greeting lacked warmth, Hazel's made up for it; she pushed her hand through Paul's arm, as one having the right, and bore him off, while the Cuban prince attached him-self to Doctor Lance and D'Arville. So Eve stood quite alone, listening to the storm of good-bys on every hand and watching the receding shore as they steamed away on their outward-bound course, to the parting cheer from the land, and then a mist came over the bright, dark eyes.

Good-by to America! my native land!" her heart cried. "I have been very happy there—how will it be with me in the land to

There was no prophetic voice in Eve's soul o answer the question. The merciful vail that shrouds the future no earthly eyes might pierce; and Eve stopped in her musings to listen to a girlish voice near, singing, clear and sweet, Childe Harold's farewell to Eng-

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore Fades o'er the waters blue, The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, And shrieks the wild seamew!

'Yon sun that sets upon the sea We follow in his flight, Farewell awhile to him and thee-My native land, good-night!"

"Not good-night, the Lord be thanked!" said a broad voice, cutting in, "for it's just oreakfast-time!"

There was a general laugh and rush for the cabin. D'Arville smilingly offered his arm to Eve, and sentiment was presently lost sight of in sandwiches; and coffee and beefsteaks sook the place of tears and parting regrets. "Will you be sea-sick, mademoiselle?" Senor Mendez asked Eve.

They were all sitting up on deck again, the land nearly out of sight, and Eve was between the creole and D'Arville.

"I don't know," she said, laughing. remains to be seen yet. This, you know, is my first voyage. Shall you?" "Oh, no! I am an old sailor, and I never

was sick in my life."
"You are fortunate," said D'Arville. "As for me, I expect to take my stateroom in an nour, and be obliged to keep it until we reach Southampton.

"My case exactly," growled Doctor Lance 'Among all wise proverbs, 'Praise the sea, out keep on land,' is the wisest. And to think must endure it all for a couple of wretched

The crabbed little doctor's voice died away, ianissimo, in a succession of growls; and Hazel, who sat next him, rose abruptly, with very white and miserable face.

"I-I think I'll go below! I don't feel-"No, I should think you didn't," said Paul, rying to keep grave, but laughing in spite of nimself, as Hazel's voice died away. "Allow ne to lead you down-stairs.

Eve followed, and for the rest of the day vas kept busy enough waiting on Hazel, who vas wretchedly sick, and amid her groans, and throes, and tears, protested she must die.
All night it was the same—poor Hazel's state

as deplorable; and the odor of cooking which would penetrate into the stateroom aggravated er symptoms beyond expression.

atch a mouthful of fresh air. Fortunately for her she had escaped the mal-de-mer completely; and beyond being fagged out waiting on her sick and cross little cousin, felt as well as when she had started. Wofully thin the deck looked to what it had

done at the starting; very few ladies were there, and among the gentlemen only one face was familiar. He was leaning over the side watching the moon rise, red and round, out of the sea, like some fiery Venus, and smoking a ip at sight of Eve. "A thousand welcomes, mademoiselle! I

am happier than happy to find you able to come up once more. 'Oh, I have not been sick, monsieur," Eve

ughing, and answering in French, as said, la Senor Mendez had set the example. "I have only been sick-nurse. My poor cousin is half "I regret to hear it. Here, sit down and let

us see if this fresh breeze will not blow your roses back. They have wilted altogethe that steaming and suffocating cabin.

"Where are all the rest?" Eve asked, taking the proffered stool. In the same predicament as your cousin-

all at death's door, Messieurs Lance, D'Arville, and Schaffer; and Robinson Crusoe, in his des ert island, never was lonelier than I! Provilence, mademoiselle, must have sent you direct to my relief; for I was falling into despair, and meditating a leap overboard and into the ther world, as you came up.'

"And out of the frying-pan into the fire!" "Quen sabe?" said the creole, shrugging his shoulders, "we must only hope for the best! Look at that moonrise, mademoiselle—I have

"Who told you so?"
"Monsieur D'Arville—he is a great friend Eve's face flushed.

'He was my teacher-at least, he would have been, had we not left Canada. I am no artist-I wish I were.'

"I wish you were; you might immortalize yourself to-night. Do you care for the sea?" "Care is not the word, monsieur-I love

"Ah! then we can sympathize. I have spent half the last fifteen years roving over land and sea. One of these rolling stones that gather

"Then Madame Rumor tells fibs. She says Senor Mendez is a prince in his own land.' "Why, yes," said the creole, coolly. believe my estates in Cuba are rather princely than otherwise; but I don't allude to that. have no home, and no home-ties; a crusty old bachelor, who goeth whithersoever he listeth. with no kindly voice to bid him God-speed at his departure or welcome on his return.

They were both silent, he looking straight before him at the red moonrise, and the girl watching, under her eyelashes, the bronzed, handsome face, and the silver threads gleaming in and out the raven hair.

"Monsieur has been a great traveler, then?" she said, at length, in a subdued tone. "Over the world, mademoiselle, from Dan

to Beersheba. I have ridden camels in Egypt,

smoked cigars under the walls of Jerusalem, slept in skins in an Esquimaux hut, and been grilled alive in the jungles of India and the forests of Africa. As for Europe—I think there is not a village in the whole continent I have not done, and found the whole thing an insufferable bore."

"And you have been-but why need I ask —of course, you have been in England?"
"Yes, mademoiselle; I have explored that island—I have even beheld Hazelwood Hall."

"Indeed?" Eve cried, vividly interested. "I should like to hear about that. Is it long

"Some five years. It is a fine old place, or would be in the hands of any other man than the Honorable Arthur Hazelwood. But pardon—he is your relative?"
"I know nothing about him; I never saw

him in my life. Is he a mauvais sujet, then?" "He is—but I shall tell you nothing about him-you must read him for yourself. you will find your new home rather lonely— the owner of Hazelwood Hall receives no visitors, and never goes out. 'A recluse, is he? Did you see Miss For-

"The pale lady with the light hair, who keeps house for him? Oh, yes, I saw her; she never goes out, either—they grow old there, like potatoes in a cellar."

"And the place around—what is it?—a town, a village, a wilderness—or what?"
"A village, very pretty, very picturesque.
They call it Monkswood."

'And Hazelwood Hall is the place of the "By no means! It is eclipsed altogether by another place some seven miles off, far old-

er, far grander, and far more revered. Its name is Blackmonks - Blackmonks Prioryand its owner is Lord Landsdowne. "Oh! and the village has taken its name

from the priory?"
"Exactly. Long ago, when Mary was queen in England, this priory of Blackmonks was founded there, under her patronage.

When Elizabeth came into power, the monks were sent adrift, and Baron Landsdowne, a sturdy old warrior, whose portrait still adorns the grand entrance-hall, took this place. It has been in the possession of the Landsdownes ever since, and is likely to be while the race

"Is the present Lord Landsdowne resident

at the priory?"
"Not when I was there—he was on the continent with his lady. He must have been a fine fellow, for he was idolized in the place. I think I would like Blackmonks; it is quite magnificent in its ancient grandeur, I assure Hazelwood dwindles into nothing beside

"And Mr. Hazelwood is not liked in Monks wood?

"Why, the fact is, mademoiselle, he is looked upon as a good deal of a stranger, and considerable of an intruder. He is a Yankee, too I beg your pardon," seeing her flush hotly; and, in short, there is no love lost between Perhaps it may be different now-I will find out when I go there."

"Are you going there?" "Yes; I have business in Essex. Well, sir,

what do you want?"

This last was addressed to one of the cabinwaiters who approached them. The man wanted Miss Hazelwood—the sick young lady n No. 35 had sent him in search of her; and Eve had to go.

That evening's conversation was but the beginning of many. Senor Mendez was cheering—he beguiled the long hours for her with wonderful stories of his adventures in India, Africa, and China, and the Holy Land—Eve thought the Thousand and One were nothing to him. Then, too, after the first week, D'Arville was able to come up, a little wan and spectral at first, after his sickness—but Eve blushed It was late on the second day of the voyage before Eve could leave her and go on deck to frankly at seeing him, and held out her hand with a shy grace, that might have bewitched old Diogenes himself. Very pleasant to Miss Evangeline Hazelwood was the voyage after that; at least, the hours spent on deck; for Hazel kept sick still, and was cross and querulous, and monopolized Eve half the time Eve, being good-natured and kind-hearted, and very fond of the impatient little invalid, read to her, and sung to her, and retailed Senor Mendez's stories, and brought daily little messes to tempt the flagging appetite. Doctor Lance, being as poor a sailor as his elder ward, was invisible also; and though Paul Schaffer made his appearance on deck, Eve was very little troubled with him. Once, finding he alone, he had attempted to accost her with his customary cool nonchalance, but La Princesse had drawn back and up, with eves that flashed black flames, and had swept past him in such superb, silent scorn, that even he never at tempted it again. Eve had not seen the ominous smile with which he looked after her, nor heard his half-muttered words.

"My bird of Paradise sails high, but I think will clip her glittering wings before long. La Princesse reigns it right royally, but I think I will humble her pride before she is many weeks older. Be as scornful as you like, my dear Eve-smile as sweetly as you please on Mon sieur D'Arville-we will change your tune when you are Madame Schaffer; for Madame Schaffer you will be, in spite of earth and all

it contains! From that time until the end of the voyage, Monsieur Schaffer never attempted to addres Eve when alone; but when others were with her, and she could not, without exciting remark, help answering him, he was ever near, in spite of brightly angry glances, forcing an-

swers from her reluctant lips. When they entered the railway-carriage, at Southampton, it was he who handed her in, leaving Miss Hazel, who had a sick and sea green look still, to the care of D'Arville. He sat beside her, too, all the way; for he was going to Essex first; he might as well travel with company while he could, he said; and his prox-

imity spoiled the journey for the young lady. ville devoted himself to Hazel, looked worried and jealous; and Doctor Lance in the white, woolly wig, and all those ridiculwas deep in discussion with Senor Mendez on ome new scientific discovery.

Eve was heartily glad when, in the golden sunset of an August evening, they rattled up to the terminus, and she saw the word, "Monkswood," painted above the little station. "You come with me, I presume, monsieur?" Senor Mendez said, leaning forward, and speaking to Mr. Schaffer.

"Of course. We are fellow-voyagers in our pilgrimage through this, to me, unknown Is there a hotel in this one-horse villand. lage

"There is an inn—a chef d'œuvre in its way, I assure you. You had better take this fly, Doctor Lance-Miss Wood looks fit to die of fatigue. "My poor Hazel! You do look terribly used

up,"laughed Paul, "while Miss Eve's roses are still unwilted. Adieu, ladies! Doctor, will we be allowed to go up to the hall and pay our

"I know nothing about it," snarled the doc-

The two gentlemen, left behind, took off their hats to the young ladies as the fly drove away, and then set off for their inn.

"A pretty place, this English village—is it not, mademoiselle?" D'Arville said, speaking

to Eve. "Oh, it is charming! These gardens and

cottages, and queer old houses and churches, and there—wha place is that?" Blackmonks Priory," said Doctor Lance,

just glancing at a great park as they rattled by. "We have no time for stopping to stare now. You'll see enough of it before you leave here, I'll warrant you."

They left the village behind, and drove along a lovely country road, where the houses wer

few and far between, and Eve began to look out for Hazelwood Hall. They soon reached it; two great gates swung back to admit them, and they drove through the amber haze of sunset up a winding avenue

to a great, gloomy looking old house, silent and lonely as a tomb. "What a dismal old barn!" said Hazel, fretfully. "And this is Hazelwood Hall! I wish I was back in New York! I'm sick of England

already!" A servant out of livery—a solemn-looking old man—opened the door, and stared aghast at the party. He admitted them, however, answering Doctor Lance's sharp questions as he did so.

"Yes; master was at home, but ill, and confined to his room; and Miss Forest, she was in London, and would not be back until next day. He would take the doctor's card, however, and see if he could be received; mean time, would they be pleased to wait here?"

Eve scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry as he ushered them into a dark, and grand and gloomy reception-room-it was all so different from what she had anticipated.

"I wish I was back in New York-I do!" Hazel reiterated, drearily. "I horrid place—I know I shall!" "I shall die in this The sober eld servant was back directly

'Master would receive the gentlemen in his room, and one of the chambermaids, in the absence of Miss Forest, would attend to the young ladies."

The chambermaid, a very spruce young lady, entered while he was speaking, and respectfully proffered to lead them to their rooms, which were ready and waiting.

Eve cast a half-laughing, half-dismayed,

wholly-bewitching glance back at D'Arville, and tripped from the room, up a grand staircase, slippery as glass, down a long hall, and into a chamber in the same large, somber and grand style as the rest of the house. Hazel's was adjoining; but Hazel declared nothing earthly would induce her to pass the night alone in such a place, and dispatched the girl for refreshments, with information that she and her cousin would be room mates

"And now I'm going to bed," said Hazel, after the tea and toast had vanished; "for I feel as though I could sleep a week! Will you "No," said Eve, taking up her hat; "I am

going out to have a look at the grounds. It is a great deal too early for bed. I wonder if I an find my way out?" She did find her way out, somehow, and

wandered down to the great gates, standing wide open. To her surprise, she found no less a personage than Senor Mendez there before her, talking to the porter, and smoking a ci-'You here?" Eve cried, in her astonishment.

I thought you had gone to the inn.' "So I did; but I rode up here afterward; there is my horse yonder. How do you like

Eve did not immediately reply. A carriage was passing—a very grand affair—drawn by wo superb grays in silver harness, and from the window a face was looking out at them, as it rolled slowly by.

A lady's face, handsome and haughty, glancing out for an instant, and then disappearing.

Eve turned to reply to the gentleman's question, but stopped again.
What ailed Senor Mendez? His face had turned as white as a dead man's, and his eyes

were strained, as if they would start from his

ead, after the carriage, vanishing in a cloud of dust. "Monsieur!" Eve cried out, in alarm, "you

Her voice aroused him. He turned to her, but, in spite of all his efforts, it was nearly a minute before he could speak. "It is nothing—a heavy spasm—quite gone now. My friend" (to the gate-keeper) "whose

"Lady Landsdowne's, sir," the man said; and that was my lady herself a-looking out of the window."

> CHAPTER XVII. TWO OLD FRIENDS.

THROUGH long corridors, wainscotted rooms lofty and large, up sweeping staircases, and into galleries and gloomy drawing-rooms, where the furniture was black with age, and grim old ancestors and ancestresses frowned down from oak panels, Eve and Hazel went the morning after their arrival in Hazelwood Hall. An old butler, as antique and gloomy as anything he showed them, was their cicerone, and looking upon two young ladies in that house, where young ladies had never been before, time out of mind, very much in the light of interlopers, he vouchsafed them as little information as possible about what they saw. Monsieur D'-Arville was closeted with the invisible master of the mansion, and had suggested the idea at preakfast to kill time until he should be released.

"A horrid old barn as ever I saw!" was Hazel's displeased criticism, looking round the dim old saloon. "I wish I was back in New York; the Tombs there was a palace compared to it! What do you call that old chap up there

ous ruffles, Mister?" "That is the portrait of the late Judge Hazelwood, Miss," answered the old butler, with slow dignity.

" And that other scarecrow beside him, with the waist of her dress under her arms, and sleeves like two bolsters—who is she? Mrs. Judge Hazelwood, I suppose?"
"It is, Miss."

"Did you ever see such looking shapes, Eve? say, though, are we near done sight-seeing? They ought to have horse-cars or something to run through this house-I'm just dragged off my feet traveling! The Ramble in Park was plain sailing compared to it!"

"Hazel, don't be so innocent," said Eve, barely able to keep from laughing at the shocked and candalized face of the ancient servitor: "it's a dear romantic old place, and I'm in love with it already." "Yes; you always had outlandish tastes, I know," said Hazel, discontentedly; "but when

tor, whose temper was not improved by the discomforts of traveling, "Here, you girls! harms that we'll be sure to catch in this damp, pile in, and let's be off." Oh, I wish I was back in New York! say. even the pensionnat was a king to this! Here we are in the blessed sunshine again, Dieu

They had reached the grand entrance hall, where the old butler bowed and left them,

shocked out of a year's growth. "I wonder when we are to be admitted to the throne of the Grand Mogul, Hazel," laughed Eve; "he is as mysterious as Mokanna

himself!" "Who was Mokanna? I don't care about the Grand Mogul; but I do wish Paul would come up to-day! Do you suppose he will?" "I don't know; and with due reverence to

ou-don't care."

'Oh, of course not! but if Senor Mendez was in question, perhaps you might. Paul says, the way you flirted with that gay and festive old scamp on shipboard was shameful!"

Eve's eyes began to flash. "Hazel! did Paul Schaffer dare to say that?

"Dare! Oh, you have not done acting the role of La Princesse yet, I see! Tell your old beau, Eve, to dye his hair before he proposes; it's getting frosty, rather! There, you needn't fire up now; I'm not going to fight this morning, because you're the only living Christian I've got to talk to, and bad company is better than none! I wish Monsieur D'Arville would come back, if the Grand Mogul hasn't had him

beheaded. "Quand un parle du-be careful what you say, mademoiselle!" said D'Arville himself, sauntering in. "I come from the Grand Mogul with his Serenity's orders for you two young ladies to appear at once before him! I am to lead you to the presence-chamber; so

come. His dark eyes were laughing while he spoke, though his face was serious, and he offered an arm to each, to lead them forth.

"Is it going to be very terrible?" Eve asked, as they went up-stairs.
"Very. Summon all your moral courage, and I will wait at the door. If you faint, give me notice beforehand, and I will fly to your

"Well, I'm pretty curious," said Hazel, "but I ain't scared to speak of. Is this the place? wait for us outside, monsieur."

Monsieur bowed and rapped. The door was pened at once by a natty little valet—French, ou could see at a glance. Monsieur D'Arville etreated, the young ladies advanced, the valet closed the door and vanished, and they were in he presence of the Grand Mogul!

Stretched at full length on a lounge, and half buried in its downy pillows, lay an immenselystout gentleman, smoking a meerschaum pipe. He wore a dressing-gown, and both his feet were swathed in rolls of flannel—Mr. Hazelwood was suffering from the gout. A dumbwaiter, with the remnants of an epicurean breakfast littered over it, stood near him; and lying there, he looked the very picture of sen-suous, selfish, indolent comfort. His room was the most elegant in the house; its pale-green walls lined with exquisite pictures. Nothing remained of the Arthur Hazelwood of former days, but his selfishness, his indolence, and a remnant of his artist tastes. He turned his eyes listlessly toward them, and held out one lan-

guid hand. "Ah! you've come, have you? How d'ye do? Happy to see you both! Find seats and

sit down. The young ladies did so. Eve's sense of the adicrous was too strong to permit her to look at Hazel, lest she should laugh outright at this enthusiastic greeting, but she felt that Hazel's face was a picture to see, as she stared blankly

at the pulpy figure prostrate before her.
"Ah!" said Mr. Hazelwood, drawling out his words, and smoking away, "which of you is little Hazel? You, I presume?" "No, sir," said Eve, to whom this was ad-ressed, "this is Hazel—I am Eve."

"Ah! and a very pretty Eve you are-very pretty, indeed! The other was stolen, "Do you mean my twin-sister, sir?" said Eve, to whom some part of her own story was familiar. "Yes; I believe she was stolen when

Ah! very droll-very. And you are little Hazel, eh? Not very large yet, either—and plump as a partridge. There's a pair of us, sir!" retorted Hazel, pertly, nettled at this last insinuation, which

an infant, and never found since.'

was touching her feelings in a very tender "Eh?" inquired Mr. Hazelwood, feebly staring; "well, I hope you'll enjoy yourselves here, and all that sort of thing. Una will be back by-and-by, and then it will be pleasanter for you. Jerome!

The dapper valet appeared as suddenly as if he had risen from the earth, and stood making genuflections before the lord of Hazelwood

"Show these young ladies out and fetch me some brandy and water, hot. Ah! good-morn-Monsieur Jerome, smiling blandly, turned them both out of doors, and the interview was at an end. D'Arville, looking out of a window at the lower end of the hall, advanced to meet

them. 'Well," he inquired, "and how do you like the Grand Mogul, mesdemoiselles?"
"Don't ask me—don't!" cried Hazel, her lips compressed, her eyes flashing. "I feel as though I should burst! Is it Bluebeard? Is it Henry the Eighth? What sort of monster is it

shut up there? Oh! if I was only back in New York, I wish them joy of their eyesight that would catch me here again!" Even went off into an irrepressible fit of aughter at the recollections of the scene, and D'Arville's dark face lighted up with a smile.

'It won't do to live in Rome and fight with the Pope, an old proverb says. You must keep a civil tongue in your head, Miss Hazel. Do you know there has been an arrival within the last ten minutes?" 'No!-who?-not Paul-I mean Mr. Schaf

"No; a lady. She drove up in a fly, and passed through here in a traveling dress. It is Miss Forest, I presume. "Oh, has she come, then!" exclaimed Hazel

a little disappointed. "What does she look like?-another Leviathan?" "Not at all? A pale little woman, pretty and ladylike. I only saw her for an instant,

He stopped short at a sudden motion from Eve. "A pale little woman, pretty and lady-like" had entered the hall while he was speaking; her bonnet and shawl doffed already, her flaxen hair combed very smoothly away from her fair, colorless face; her light blue eyes, as quiet and cloudless as of yore, her steps as noiseless, her looks almost as young. time, furrowing wrinkles, and thinning locks, and planting crow's feet, had been merciful to The white skin was unfurrowed, the her. we're both laid up with rheumatism, and fever | flaxen hair as thick, the form as light and slenthirty was a very prepossessing little person, indeed. She floated forward now, in a dress of gray silk prettily made and trimmed, a smile on her pale, thin lips, and a hand extended to each of the girls.

"At last!" she said, in the soft, sweet voice of old, touching first the cheek of Eve, then of Hazel, "welcome to England and to Hazelwood Hall.

'Thank you," Eve said, a little timidly while Hazel stared at her in silence. "You are Miss Forest, of course."

'Yes, my dear; and you are the little baby Evangeline, I left in New York over fifteen years ago: grown out of all knowledge. And this is the three-year old Hazel, who used to torment me so, looking the younger of the two. And this gentleman?"-

She paused, looking composedly at D'Arville, who stood in the background. He step-ped forward, on hearing himself invited, with an easy bow-his composure as matchless as

her own.
"I am Mr. Hazelwood's secretary, madam.

My name is D'Arville."

Miss Forest bent her fair little head in silent greeting, and turned once more to look at

"How very tall you have grown, my dear and how much older than your age you look Your voyage does not seem to have affected either of you much; were you sick?" "Hazel was; I had the good fortune to es

"Ah, you may well call it good fortune! know what sea-sickness is! Was the voyage

"Very! We had a number of friends on board-all the way with us, in fact-and the

"Speak for yourself," cut in Miss Hazel.
"I dare say it went like magic for you and your old Spanish beau, but I could tell a different story—pent up in a stew-tub of a state-room. There wasn't an hour from the time we started till we landed I didn't wish might be our last, if only for spite to see the way you acted; and I used to pray fervently the steamer might run into a rock or a mermaid, or something, and pitch head first to Davy Jones, and so end it all!"

Miss Forest's light-blue eye and smiling face were turned on the spirited speaker of this reckless avowal, studying her as she had been studying Eve.

"You have not changed, I see, my dear; the Hazel of three years lives yet in the Hazel of eighteen. And now, where is Doctor Lance? Is he with Mr. Hazelwood?"

"He has gone back," said Eve. "He went by the express last night to London, and starts in the next steamer for New York."

"A flying visit! I should like to have seen him. Have you been through the house?"

"Oh, yes," said Hazel, "we've been through it, and, except the prison up in Sing Sing, that they took me to see once, I never we through a more ghostly place! Isn't it full of

Miss Forest's eyes and smile were on Hazel again. Eve looked nearly as shocked as the old butler had done, and D'Arville intensely

"I really don't know. I never saw any." "Well, it must be full of rats anyhow, and they're as bad, if not worse. They'd no more keep such an old rat-trap as this standing in New York than— Oh, Eve! here is Paul and Senor Mendez! I declare if they're not."

Hazel sped off down-stairs in an ecstasy Eve looked out of the window, and saw the two gentlemen in question just going up the stone

steps leading to the front door.
"Friends of yours?" Miss Forest inquired, looking in calm surprise on Eve. "I did not

know you had any in the village."
"We knew them in Canada," Eve answered coloring suddenly, and the two looking at her wondered inwardly which of them the blush "I suppose I must go down."

"Of course, and I must go and see about my household affairs. I came here directly on arriving. Farewell-luncheon-hour is at two; at six we dine."

She bowed in her easy, graceful way and left them. Eve, her face still hot, spoke to D'Arville without looking at him. Are you coming down, Monsieur? They

"Do you think so?" he said, meaningly. "Of course. Come!"

She led the way down-stairs, without walting, and D'Arville followed her. In the grand and gloomy drawing-room they found Hazel chatting away like a magpie to the gentlemen She was painting their portraits in vivid colors, and her auditors wore laughing faces, but both turned eagerly to the door when Eve entered. She gave her hand frankly and cordially to Senor Mendez, but she just touched Mr. Schaffer's extended digit, as if it had been red-hot, and dropped it again.

see we have found our way to Hazelwood Hall." Schaffer said. "A fine old place. but nothing to Black Monk's Priory. Senor Mendez and I were over there this morning. "That's great praise, to say it's nicer than this," said Hazel, contemptuously. "It's another old vault, I suppose. Oh, give me a brown-stone front on Fifth avenue, and you have my

"You shall have it," said Mr. Schaffer, in a voice audible only to her, "when you and I go back to New York together. You ought to see it, Miss Hazelwood," raising his tone. Hazel might not fancy it, but I am sure you

would." "She saw Lady Landsdowne last night, and fancied her excessively. Did you not, Miss

Eve?" asked Senor Mendez. "I told you I thought her a most beautiful woman, and," rather mischievously, "I think she affected yourself, senor, even more than I,

for you turned as white as that marble bust up there at sight of her!" "Was it at sight of her?" said Senor Mendez, coelly. "I thought I told you it was a spasm." 'Oh, yes, you told me that, of course; but I

know you watched the carriage out of sight, and inquired very particularly about her from the lodge-keeper. Is the Priory shown to visitors?" Not when the family are at home, as now, said Mr. Schaffer. "I was disappointed in my hopes of going through it to-day, and I hope the family may make their exodus soon for my benefit. We saw the grounds, though,

and the exterior of the mansion, and very mag nificent both are. What is more, we saw Lord Landsdowne, though I should have preferred seeing his lady."

"And is he as levely to look at as she seems to be?" inquired Hazel.

"No, he is not what you girls would call handsome; he is tall and stately, gentlemanly, and rather distinguished-looking, grave and middle-aged.

Grave!" said the Cuban. "I should say 90! His face is that of a man whose life has been a great mistake."

How much easier it is to be generous than just! Men are sometimes bountiful who are "Do you judge from faces?" asked D'Arville, speaking for the first time. "If so, I should not honest,-Junius.

der as fifteen years before, and Una Forest at like you to see the mistress of this establishment, and read me her character. I have been puzzling over it ever since I saw her."

'Is she a study, then?" "Is she pretty?" that's the question?" inter-rupted Paul Schaffer. "A pretty woman nev-

er can be very disagreeable."

Senor Mendez looked at the last speaker, and so queer a smile, so bitter, so cynical and so scornful came over his face, that a new light dawned on Eve's mind. It broke on D'Arville's too, and he spoke:

"Senor Mendez has lost faith in the sex, but it is not fair to judge all by one. Miss Forest is no common woman, and not to be judged by common rules. She is pretty, too, but it is a strange type of prettiness—unfamiliar to

"The more charming, then, I should think," said Paul Schaffer. "Prenez garde de tomber Monsieur D'Arville!"

Monsieur D'Arville's lips curled at the insinuation, and just then there was a tap at the door D'Arville opened it, supposing it to be a servant, and was taken rather aback to find himself confronted by the fair, still face and sof gray dress of Miss Forest herself. He stepped back, holding the door open for her to enter out she declined.

"Do not let me disturb you! Mr. Hazelwood desired me to tell you to go to him directly after luncheon, and luncheon waits

She was gone again. D'Arville closed the door and looked at the rest.

"Is that the Marble Bride turned Quakeress?" asked Mr. Schaffer. "Her voice is like the music of the spheres, though I can't say ever heard that melody.

"I take it upon myself to say that is Miss Forest," said Senor Mendez. And something out of the common-do you not think so?" inquired D'Arville.

"Decidedly, or she would have invited us to luncheon," said the creole gentleman, rising; "but as she has not, we make our exit.
Miss Eve, Miss Hazel, you should go down and see Monkswood; it is worth the journey, I as-

sure you."
"We will," said Eve, "and perhaps this af-

ternoon. Eh, Hazel?"
"All right," said Hazel. "I was bound to go any way; and, what's more, I am going to call at the Priory, too. Will you gentlemen chaperone us—we might go astray in this bar-

The gentlemen asseverated that they would only be too happy and blessed to do so, and took their departure, and the trio sought the dining-room. Miss Forest was waiting there, before a table glittering with silver and cutglass, and took her place at the head at once. "I have grown so accustomed to being alone on these occasions," she said, smilingly, "that

fear I have half-forgotten how to preside Mr. Hazelwood so rarely leaves his room, and we never see company, so I live like a female Robinson Crusoe. Let me help you to some of this pigeon-pie, Mr. D'Arville."

"You are worse off than Robinson Crusoe

was," put in pert Hazel, "for he had a man-Friday."

Miss Forest only noticed this speech by a cold stare, and went on carving the pie. It was not a very comfortable meal; for the solemn old butler hovered in the background, glaring upon them all in awful silence, and Miss Forest vas so very ceremonious and stately, that it

completely took away even Hazel's appetite.
"I declare, Eve, I'm starving!" she burst
out, when it was safely over at last, and they that Una Forest! There!"

"Hazel, hush!" "I won't hush; and you don't like her yourself, only you're too great a hypocrite to say so. I wonder if there is such a thing as an

oyster-saloon in Monkswood!"
"Oyster-saloon!—rubbish! Do you think night

you are back in New York?" must be a cookshop, or a baker's establishment, or something or other there, to keep people from starving. I'm going to see, any way.

Will you come?" "Of course—anything for a quiet life. Wait

till I get my hat.' Arm in arm the two girls strolled down the avenue to the gates, and passed out into the highroad. Pretty green lanes branched off from this road right and left; and, passing one, Eve stopped suddenly, holding Hazel back. The young lady, following her cousin's glance, saw nothing more startling than a group of three persons standing under the shadow of some ash-trees, talking—one, a man; the other The man had his back toward them, but his hight and form were too familiar to be mistaken. The woman nearest him was old, bent, and faced them; but the hood of her crimson cloak partly concealed her face. The

gipsy hat were visible. What is Paul Schaffer up to now?" asked "And, Hazel, isn't that the old fortune teller we saw at Madam Schaffer's the night

third leaned against a tree, shadowed by its

long arms, so that only her floating skirts and

"Nonsense! How could she get to England? It looks like her, though, don't it? That's Paul for certain; and who can the third one be? I

think it's a young girl."
"I am certain that is the same old woman.

There! she sees us, and is gone!"

The old woman had caught sight of them and she and her female companion disappeared among the trees. The man turned round and advanced. Paul Schaffer it certainly was, and as much at his ease as ever.

"You, too, "What!" was his greeting. Well, this is an unexpected pleasure!" Hazel looked at him with jealous eyes. "Is it a pleasure, sir? Who were those two

women you had with you there?" you saw them, did you? Gipsies, of course: didn't you see their red cloaks? There's

an encampment of them in the woods, and I was having my fortune told." 'Eve says it's the old woman we saw at Madam Schaffer's fete—the fortune-teller, you

Mr. Schaffer burst into a laugh "I beg your pardon!" he said to Eve; "but that is rather too droll a notion! She is quite

as old and quite as ugly, I agree; but all the old beldames look alike." "Were they both old women, Paul?" Hazel asked, taking his arm, and quite reassured.

"Of course! Come, Senor Mendez is waiting somewhere, and we are going to take you both to see Black Monks. Oh, here he comes with the fly; and now, my dear Hazel, you will see something that will eclipse the whole Fifth avenue, with Madison square thrown in! There is not a finer place in England, they tell

me, than Black Monk's Priory.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

# Old Bull's-Eye,

THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS. BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CANNIBALS' STRONGHOLD. To at least three hearts the dying words of Chiquita proved a bitter blow. Dugrand had oped to find at least a daughter. Though Old Bull's-Eye had found the child for whom he had hunted through many a long, weary year, and Carmela had found the father she had often speculated about, the relationship seemed a tame and unsatisfactory one after "what might have been," only for this death-bed 1e-

"Well, little one," said Old Bull's-Eye, soberly, "you'll have to make the best of it. Your life hasn't been much the better for a father thus far, but, please God, I'll try and make amends.

Carmela received his embrace quietly, but her face was pale and her lips quivered. However, it was but natural that she should be affected by this strange finding of a parent.
Old Bull's-Eye, assisted by Perry, Luis, Toole and others, soon scooped out a grave in the soft sand, and all that was mortal of Chiquita—or Dolores Vermillye—was soon hidden from view. The scout bowed over the rude for a few moments, and may have breathed a silent prayer, but none was uttered audibly. Nor was there a tear dropped as the party turned away. A strange life she had

led—a strange burial was hers.
"What's the next move, cap'n?" suddenly asked Murph. Toole, addressing Dugrand, who was squatted upon the sand in moody medita

"I don't know—our work is done here," was the sharp reply. "I suppose we'll have to take he back track,"

"It's a long trail to water, that-a-way, boss.

I don't reckon our critters kin stand more'n one more day 'ithout drink." "What can we do? Do you expect me to call up a lake or a river here in the very heart of the desert?" snarled Dugrand.

"Thar's water yender, a-plenty. Ef you say the word, cap'n, we'll go an' help ourselves," quickly replied Toole.
"What do you mean? Speak out plain,

"All right, boss. Thar, mong them hills yender, is whar the kin o' these critters," coolly nodding toward the dead Cayguas, hang out. In course they must hev water, which is jest what we want, the wust way, an' so the boys thinks the best we kin do is to

clean out the red niggers right off."
"It may not be so easy; but Pm agreeable.
We do need water, and I don't know where we can find it short of the motte where we ambushed the Red Hawks, unless we do try these rascals. It may be tough work, but we're used to that. Hallo, there, boys!" he added, raising his voice. "This fellowhere says youre burning for a chance at the red-skins yonder. Is it so?"

The answer came as with one voice; Murph. Toole had exactly expressed their wishes. They had not forgotten the marvelous tales told by the outlaw, Dick Croghan, during the past day and night, of the great stores of gold that the Cayguas had amassed. He declared that, in the little basin where the cannibal village stood, gold lay around in nuggets common were alone, D'Arville having gone to Mr. Hazelwood's apartments. "I'll be skin and bone shortly, if this state of things continues. I hate metal. And, though they affected to laugh at and ridicule the stories, the wonder-loving bordermen confidently expected to reap a rich harvest of plunder.

"What do you think of this move?" Perry Abbot asked Old Bull's Eye, as they plodded along through the fast-deepening shades of

It's the best thing we can do, for, though 'Oh, don't I wish I only was! But there | we will be apt to see some tough fighting, we must have water, and that soon. I don't be- sized pond of water. lieve one half of us could live through the trip of neat huts, composed of skins and light poles. back to the nearest water-hole. It was always scarce enough, but this big fire has licked up every drop as far as it went—which is hundreds of miles, I take it."

It was barely possible that the brief fight with Shkote-nah had passed unnoticed by the Cayguas at the village, and acting upon this supposition, the Man-hunters pressed on in pes of effecting a complete surprise. They did not know how strong a force they would have to face, but with reckless daring paused not to count that chance. They knew that they must win their way to the springs of the basin, or perish of thirst in the desert. There

was no alternative. The distance proved deceptive, the traveling difficult and laborious, and their horses being iaded, the eastern horizon was already grow ing gray when they reached the circle of vegetation that surrounded the low hills. The gray rocks frowned down upon them, but all was sient. Not a sound stirred the air save as the horses greedily cropped the short grass, while Toole and Old Bull's-Eye advanced to recon-

They soon returned. Nothing suspicious had been seen or heard. They had discovered a pass that appeared to lead into the basin, and had examined it for some little distance. was practicable for horsemen, but an enemy, if upon the alert, could inflict terrible damage upon any who attempted to follow the pass,

by hurling rocks from the hights above. 'It may be that they haven't seen us, but to make sure, I will go ahead on foot, with a cou ple of good men, and if there is any ambush, we will be apt to spring it," said the scout.

Very well-choose your men," briefly re-"Murph Toole for one—he can pick out another," said Old Bull's-Eye, passing back to where Carmela and Anita were. "You girls

must keep back here out of danger. You look after them, Abbot. "I'm going with you," quietly, but firmly uttered Carmela.

You must not-there, don't put on that look, little one. Remember I have the right to command your obedience now, since I am your father. You will stay?" your father.

"If you say I must," pouted the maiden. Old Bull's-Eye kissed her tenderly, and then astened away. He, with Toole and another, looked to their rifles and entered the pass. This was narrow, scarcely affording room for two horsemen to pass abreast, the sides nearly perpendicular for fifty feet, then breaking into a thousand cracks and crevices, affording good cover for a thousand men, if need be. Cayguas had observed the pale-faces, it would be difficult dislodging them.

Silently as specters the three scouts glided along the dark pass, keenly peering above their heads at the rocks, which, receiving the light of dawn earlier, were much lighter than below. For some minutes nothing suspicious was ob-

to advance, when an Indian almost directly magic and a perfect wonder to myself, and above his head, exposed his upper body, peering out at the motionless body of horsemen be-Quick as thought the scout's rifle spoke, and the sharp report was blended with a shrill deathshriek as the stricken Caygua came tumbling headlong from his perch. And then, with a noise as though the very hills were being overthrown by an earthquake, rocks and bowlders came crashing down into the pass, hurled by invisible hands.

More by good fortune than any exercise of skill upon their part, the whites escaped injury from the rocky avalanche, and seeing how vain would be the attempt to hold their position under the circumstances, Old Bull's-Eye gave the word to retreat. Favored by the shadows, this was successfully executed, and the main

body regained.
"We can charge through there," exclaimed

"And get rubbed out—the biggest half of us. No, there's only one way, that I see," quietly replied Old Bull's-Eye. "Pick out twenty of your best shots. Give me half of them, let the others follow Murph Toole. We'll take to the rocks, and I reckon the varmints won't do much stone-throwing. We can pick off every one that shows his head, and you can ride through the pass without any

offer a better one, so the selection was made, and the two parties of skirmishers began scaling the steep sides of the hills, taking advantage of

every point of cover, their rifles and revolvers ready for the deadly work before them. Though the Cayguas must have noted and understood the movement, not a brave could be seen. The hills seemed deserted and undefended. But then—a sharp cry came from one of Toole's party, and, a feathered shaft quivering deep in his breast, the unfortunate borderer toppled over and fell, rebounding from point to point, pausing at last upon the rock flo r of the pass, a dead, mangled heap of

mortality. The breath had scarce left his body before he was avenged. And then the sharp twanging of bowstrings, the rapid detonations rifles and revolvers were mingled with the shril yell and defiant cheer. The rock fight was

fairly opened. Captain Dugrand was not a man to allow such a favorable moment to pass unimproved, and gave the word to advance, leading the way The pass was so narrow that they were forced to keep single file, and pressed their animals to the highest rate of speed the poor brutes were capable of. Near the center of the line rode Anita and Carmela, guarded by Luis and Perry.

Fortunate was it that the Cayguas were so fully occupied by the sharpshooters above, else, with the thousands of loose bowlders and fragments of rock that lay thickly scattered

along the ledges, they could have annihilated the slender column below. Dugrand, as he neared the further end of the defile, caught a glimpse of several savages, lurking behind the rocks, evidently resolved to dispute his passage. Shouting back a warning, he dashed boldly on, and the next moment found himself in the midst of two score brawny warriors. Right and left his pistols sent their death-warrants, and a moment later he was

nobly seconded by half a score of his own men. The Cayguas fought desperately, but their primitive weapons were no match for the many-tongued revolvers, and they fell before the uninterrupted blaze of fire like ripe grain before the reaper's sickle. The struggle scarce occupied one minute, before the scanty remnant of Cayguas broke and fled, leaving two-thirds of their number dead or dying. Not entirely unaverged. Though Dugrand had scarcely received a scratch, four of his men had fall-

en, dead. Follow me, lads!" he shouted. "Look at

the hounds-setting fire to their houses!" Before them lay a circular valley, almost basin-like, gradually sloping from every side toward the center, where glistened a good-Around this were dozens The Cayguas were now hastily setting fire to these, while a number of squaws and children were fleeing rapidly away, toward the hills. And then, this work of destruction well under way, the Cayguas retreated, covering their wo-men and children with a sullen bravery that commanded the admiration of even the sternest Indian-hater among the Man-hunters this did not prevent them from pressing the savages hotly, and it was not until the basin was almost crossed that the fight ceased. Then, seeing their women safe among the rocky hills, the braves broke and fled. The whites did not care to follow, just then. For once they had their fill of fighting, and hastened back to the

silver pond, where men and horses quenched their thirst together. Meanwhile Old Bull's-Eye had his hands full. The Cayguas were snugly ensconced among the rocks, and were adepts in the peculiar warfare. But the quick eye and unerring aim of the plainsmen marked down every red-skin that showed himself, and when, from the sounds beyond, the Cayguas knew that the whites had forced their way into the basin, they abandoned the uneven contest. Darting from rock to rock, perfectly familiar with every inch of the ground, the savages effected the re-

treat without the loss of another brave. Half an hour later, the sharp shooters rejoin-

ed their friends at the pond. In one of the huts that had escaped the conflagration, a quantity of dried horse-flesh was found, and, in default of better food, furnished a meal for the invaders. Anita and Carmela gladly entered this and were soon oblivious to all their troubles, locked in a deep and refreshing sleep, guarded by three devoted sentinels, nor did they wake until nearly sunset.

It was resolved to remain in the cannibal's stronghold until the next day, when the horses would have recovered their wind, strength and spirits. Through the day the majority of the men slept, a few remaining on guard, lest the Cayguas should attempt to drive the invaders away, but that night nearly every man was upon the alert, weapons in hands. All lights were extinguished. The horses were hoppled and tied near the pond.

The hours wore on, yet no sound came from the hills. Day-dawn approached—and then! Loud and clear echoed forth the wild warerv of the cannibals—a flight of arrows swept through the camp-and the next moment it was a deadly struggle, hand to hand. (To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE

ST ELMO, Ill., July 8, 1874. R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful curative properties of your Alt. Ext., or Golden Medi cal Discovery. I have taken great interest in this medicine since I first used it. I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia, liver deranged and an almost perfect prostration of the nervous sysserved, and Old Bull's-Eye was about to give tem. So rapid and complete did the Discovery the agreed-upon signal telling the Man-hunters | effect a perfect cure that it seemed more like

magic and a perfect wonter to myself, and since that time we have never been without a bottle of the Discovery and Purgative Pellets in the house. They are a solid, sound family physician in the house and ready at all times to fly to the relief of sickness—without charge. We have never had a doctor in the house since we first heavy the result of the since we first heavy the result of the since we first heavy the since we have never had a since we have never heavy the since we we first began the use of your Pellets and Discovery. I have recommended the use of these medicines in several severe and complicated cases arising from, as I thought, an impure state of the blood, and in no one case have they failed to more than accomplish all they are claimed to do. I will only mention one as remarkable, (though I could give you dozens.)
Henry Koster, furniture dealer, of this place,
who was one of the most pitiful objects ever
seen, his face swollen out of shape, scales and eruptions without end, extending to his body, which was completely covered with blotches and scales. Nothing that he took seemed to effect it a particle. I finally induced him to try a few bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, with daily use of the Pellets, assuring him it would surely cure him. He commenced its use some six weeks since, taking two Pellets each night for a week, then one each night, and the Discovery as directed. The result is, to-day his skin is perfectly smooth, and the scaly eruptions are gone. He has taken some seven or eight bottles in all, and considers I m-The plan seemed feasible, and no one could fer a better one, so the selection was made, and the two parties of skirmishers began scaling an esteep sides of the hills, taking advantage of the plan seemed feasible, and no one could self-cured. This case had baffled the skill of our best physicians. Messrs. Dunsford & Co., druggists, of this place, are selling largely of your medicines, and the demand steadily increases, and they give perfect satisfaction in

> Respectfully, W. H. CHAMPLIN, Agt. Am. Exp. Co.

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## MY OLD AUNT JANE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Kind-hearted soul of my young years Smooth be the turf and grassy! She always met me with a smil And "Lors a mercy massy!"

Whatever way her fate might be She bore it all with patience; Kind words she used on every hand, And snuff on all occasions.

She gave her counsel seasoned with Full many a scriptural passage, And met the poor beside her door With "John, bring out them sassidge.

No matter what the ill might be She looked on it with reason; Her temper well she did preserve— And quinces in their season.

She treated all with due regard,
No faults on others easting;
Thus many friendly ties she knit—
And stockings that were lasting.

Bright beamed her eye with hope and love As through this life she wended, Her careful judgment e'er was good— Her chicken pot-pies splendid.

In looking upon others' woes Her eyes went often swimming, She wore her graces with meek heart, And hat with little trimming.

Peace sat upon her brow serene, And proved her life-long blessing: Wise words were ever in her mouth, Her pipe was never missing.

My maiden aunt, through all the years
Her memory shall sweeten!
Her kindness never was surpassed—
Her spongecakes never beaten.

# The Snow Hunters: WINTER IN THE WOODS

BY C. DUNNING CLARK, author of "Young Seal-Hunter," "In the WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE," ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

VIII .- Jack Edgel's Adventures. WHERE was Jack?

The boy had followed persistently upon the steps of the particular moose which he had marked down as his prey, forgetting all else but the determination to kill that moose, if he followed him to Labrador. Jack Edgel had in him the stuff of which we make our heroes a determination which stood him in good stead in manhood, when we stood shoulder to shoulder in a struggle for life or death under sunnier skies than these. Then I saw Jack Edgel, when the regiment, riddled by grape and torn by shell, was wavering—when the color-guard had fallen, man by man—when the colonel, shot through the heart, fell, with his colors in his stiffened hand, and all seemed lost then the stern determination of the man, as shadowed in the boy, flamed out.

"Give me the flag!" he cried. "Steady, Twenty-fourth! Old Jack is with you!" They followed him with cheers and inscribed a new name upon their colors. This was the

Jack Edgel of other days. Look at him now, flying on in the track of the moose over the snow. There was no crust, and the heavy animal broke through at every leap, and yet he held his own, gallantly. Once Jack was tempted to fire at him from behind, but knew that only a chance shot could reach a vital part, in his present position. He toiled on, the white dust flying from his shoes, while the maddened moose plunged forward through the snow, staining it with his blood—for he had been hit while coming out of the "rav-

Jack was gaining, almost imperceptibly, but still gaining, inch by inch. The moose knew this, and redoubled his efforts to escape. He literally palpitated with fear and rage, as the rapid click of the snow-shoes told that the tireless pursuer was still upon the track. Animals are not reasoning beings, but there are times when they seem to reason, as in this instance, for at a place where the snow was not quite so deep, the desperate moose turned suddenly and charged Jack Edgel, his broad, palm ated horns lowered, and the blood dropping from his muzzle staining the white drifts.

Jack was taken completely by surprise, and being new in snow-shoes, could not turn as rapidly as he would have liked. He knew better than to fire then, with the chance only at the guarded front of the infuriated beast; but, in turning, he caught his foot and plunged head-foremost into the drift. The moose, utterly astonished at this movement of his enemy. paused but a moment and then broke away again in his flight, and Jack arose to see hi game speeding away again at his best speed.

"Confound the luck," muttered Jack, as he recommenced the chase. "Who expected the big thief to charge in that way? Go it! I'll follow if it takes all winter."

Again Jack began to gain, and once more the moose turned at bay and charged. time the young huntsman was ready, for as the game wheeled, Jack sighted fairly behind the shoulder and gave it to him. He knew how to shoot, for Dave had been tireless in his teaching: the great beast gave a sort of half-human nd dropped lifeless on the snow.

Jack drew a long breath of relief loaded his rifle carefully, and again advanced to satisfy himself that his work was well done. He drey his knife and opened the throat of the dead animal, and then sat down on the warm body As he did so, he noticed that the wind was rising.

"This won't do," he thought. "The tracks will be filled up, and I can't find my way back.

He again drew his knife and succeeded, after a great effort, in severing the head of the moose a trophy which he would not give up, and swinging the rather heavy burden across his shoulders, he started back. He had not gone far when he became satisfied that it would not be easy to get back loaded down with the head. so he hung it on a limb, after cutting out the tongue. Boy-like, he did not propose to give up every token of his victory. By this time the wind was blowing furiously, and Jack realized that he was in danger.

He paused and looked about him, for he could no longer see the tracks which the moose had left in the snow. The wind was blowing from east to west, and he was traveling north so that if his friends were within hearing distance, their shouts would never reach his ears.

"It's no use fooling," thought Jack.

got to get somewhere or I'll have trouble.' He kept on for an hour, until satisfied that he was out of his latitude. Close at hand was a low range of rocky hills, and he hurried toward them, hoping to find shelter from the storm by getting in the lee of the rocks. When he reached them he was surprised to find an opening in the rocks forming the entrance to a sort of cave.

'I'm in luck," cried the boy hunter, joy-Hip, hip, hip hurrah. Now, where is

my lantern ? Jack had been laughed at in the city when he bought a dark lantern, but he had it, and always carried it ready to light. It was a

tle lamp.

Then, slinging his rifle to his back, he stepped into the entrance, and in a moment more was in a room perhaps twelve feet square, with a hard stone floor and stalactites hanging from

"Hooray!" exclaimed Jack; "I'll bring in a lot of wood and light a fire and make a night

Leaving his lantern on the floor, Jack went out and succeeded in dragging a quantity of wood into the cave. Having done this, he began to light a fire, when he heard a purring sound, like the breathing of a cat, at the upper end of the cave.

What in the world is that?" thought Jack, taking up the lantern. "Let's investigate a

little. "Walking quickly in the direction of the sound, he saw two beautiful little animals about the size of cats lying upon a pile of dry leaves. The moment he saw those animals the boy-hunter was seized with a desire to get out of that cave as quickly as possible, for these little creatures were young panthers!

Jack caught up his lantern and started for the mouth of the cave, but he had hardly done so when he heard the cry of a panther close at

hand. There was no chance of escape; so, springing back into the cave, he pushed the blazing heap which he had lighted into the entrance of the cave, and dropping on one knee, laid his rifle in the hollow of his hand and waited. He was not a moment too soon for he heard the sharp cry of the panther again, and saw a long, graceful body glide into the outer opening to the cavern. It was a female panther bearing in her mouth a piece of meat, doubtless torn from the moose which he had killed.

Few wild animals are to be found which do not dread the sight of a blazing fire and the panther was no exception to the rule. Seeing the fire she bounded suddenly back into the gloom and Jack could see two fiery eyes gleaming like stars while a fierce yell broke the silence, answered by a shrill snarl from the little animals in the leaves.

# The Little White Flower.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE gas had not been lighted in the crystal lily-cups which drooped from the lofty ceiling, but from the steel-polished grate the soft light of seacoal fell in crimson shades over the ele gant parlor, and over the two fair girls close to gether upon the purple velvet ottoman in front of the cheery blaze.

Over the white brow and golden waves of hair which surrounded the fair, aristocratic face of Blanche Heyford, and over the shimmering waves of lilac silk and frosty lace which fell in lustrous folds to the mossy carpet—that beautiful carpet, so trailed with feathery green ferns and vines, that one hard-ly knew whether they stepped on the floor of a Fifth avenue parlor, or a nook of living, wav-

ing green in a summer woodland.

The soft firelight shone, too, on the sweet face, large, dewy, brown eyes, and darker brown braids of Juliet Wells—dear, brave souled, true-hearted little Juliet, who had come from her simple home in the mountains of New Hampshire to spend a winter with her gay New York cousin, and to whom, used as she was to the steady New England ways, the manners and customs of the Gothamites were

ometimes a mystery. Juliet's dress was a fine, soft cashmere of glowing garnet, for, though not quite poor, she had not her stately cousin's wealth, and kept her silks for Sunday. But every curve and turn of her daintily rounded figure was displayed by the exquisite fit of the simple robe, elicate lace at her throat ar was scarce softer or whiter than the shell-tint-

ed skin it shaded. A silver arrow with a diamond flashing head fastened Blanche Heyford's abundant tresses. but from Juliet's nut-brown braids drooped, a their only adorning, a single waxen spray of fragrant white hyacinths, whose delicate perfume stole softly out on the warm air.

"It is time Lester-Mr. St. John-was here. said Blanche, glancing at the little jeweled watch in her belt: "it will be too late to make a call to-night if he does not come soon.

Juliet said nothing, but in her girl's heart she was silently wondering if her cousin's air of proprietorship toward Mr. St. John really neant anything, and if she had a right to call him "Lester," as she sometimes did, beyond the right of old friendship.

Yes, it was likely-it was almost certain she had-no man could resist Blanche's beauty and sweetness-he was a noble fellow, and she was glad Blanche would be so happy. Juliet smothered a sigh which rose to her scar et lips, without guessing why it came unbid-

Blanche was just glancing at her tiny watch again, with an exclamation of impatience, when Mr. St. John entered the parlo

"What makes you so late?" cried Blanche, while Juliet noticed that his handsome face looked uncommonly grave, as Blanche rose to greet him.

"An accident-a sad one, Miss Blanche, was his earnest reply.
"To you?" cried Blanche, in quick alarm, while Juliet felt her own fresh breath come

faster. 'No-to a little child. Sit down a moment there is time to tell the story before we go out, said Mr. St. John, placing Blanche gently back

And while they listened, in his deep, voice, St. John told the little story which had ouched his manly heart.

"I was crossing William street on my way here, two hours ago," said he, "when a horse and buggy came dashing round the corner, and a little girl just in front of me, was knocked down and run over. I sprung forward and picked the child up, found she was not killed as I expected, but too badly hurt to walk. called a carriage, and was going to take the little thing to the children's hospital, but she begged to be taken home to her own mother and she gave the address so intelligently that took her there at once. On the way I learned that she had taken home some sewing for her mother, and she seemed so glad that she had not lost the four dollars she had received, when

she fell, it was quite pitiful, for it told of a de-gree of want which we can hardly realize." Blanche's beautiful face wore an expression half-pitiful, half-annoved, but Juliet's brown eyes were full of tear . as St. John glanced up and went on with his ry.

'I found her how gh up in a crowded tenement bouse on one place of a verty and dis ress such as you, ladies, have 1 of ten, if ever, seen. But the room was neat and clean, though so poor, and the child's mother was an intelligent, lady-like

woman, who had evidently been used to a betvery diminutive affair, and getting in the lee of the rocks, he struck a match and lit its litthat they were provided with some necessities, and then I came right away.

"It's very ad, I'm sure, and I'm very sorry," said Blanche, rising again; "and now, Juliet, if we mean to call on Miss Allison tonight we must get ready.

"I shall go there at an early hour in the "I shall go there at an early hour in the morning, to see that poor little thing again," pursued St. John, almost without heeding Blanche's interruption. "Would you like to go with me, ladies?"

"Me! Gracious, no! I never go into such poor places for anything!" cried Blanche, almost pettishly.

"Not for the sake of doing good?" asked St.

John, gently as a woman.
"Oh, I couldn't do any good! Of course, if money is needed, I'll give it, but to go myself where one sees all sorts of disagreeable things -bah! not for anything!"

"I can provide all the money needed, but a woman's sympathy and kindness go further than a man's in such cases," said St. John, al-

most coldly.
"Oh, well, there are plenty of woman nurses to be got, then, who don't mind it. Of course such things happen in this world, but then one don't even like to hear of accidents and all that, it is so unpleasant, without going where one sees them,' "And how about those who not only hear

the story, but must bear the pain, Miss Blanche?" asked St. John, still speaking coldly. "It's a pity, to be sure. But then we can't help it, you know. Come, Juliet, we must get

As Juliet passed Mr. St. John, as she followed her cousin to don cloaks and furs, the spray of white hyacinth fell from her hair, and dropped at St. John's feet.

With a bow, he picked it up and restored it. She received it with a mute motion of thanks, but as she looked up, he caught the sympathy expressed in her sweet face, and the sparkle of

teardrops on her rounded cheek. Left a moment alone, he leaned his head on his hand and sighed deeply, hurt by Blanche Heyford's selfishness. He had fast been making an idol of this beautiful girl. Was his golden image nothing but clay, after all! He sighed again, as the doubt crept strongly into his heart, for not for worlds would Lester St. John link his life with a heartless, selfish wo-

When he invited them to accompany him in his call on the little wounded child, Juliet had been about to say, eagerly, "I will go," but Blanche's hasty refusal checked her. If she would not go herself, it would offend her deeply to have Juliet go, at least with her friend, Mr. St. John. So Juliet said nothing, but she thought of it all the evening, while they were in gay company, and at last she made up her mind.

As the three passed from the carriage to the door, when they returned home, St. John felt a light touch on his arm. He turned and met Juliet's earnest brown

"Mr. St. John, won't you please give me the little sick girl's street and number?" she

asked, timidly.
"Certainly." He gave the required direction, then, with a sudden impulse, asked, "Why

do you wish to know?" "I—I thought we—Blanche might like to send some things to-morrow." And in the flood of lamplight streaming from the open

front door, St. John saw the blush which stained her fair face. "No doubt she will send something," he

said, as they went in. But his tone was half sarcastic, and in the light of this evening's experience, he did doubt it, very much, and so did Juliet. Business detained Mr. St. John, and it was afternoon of the next day before he went to

see his little protegee again. Some one had been there before him. The little girl, who was better, though still in much pain, held a choice book of handsome pictures in her hand, and upon the little table a small basket glowed with purple grapes and sunny oranges.

"A kind lady brought them this morning," said the little girl's mother, with a smile as "She said you told her of she saw his glance. us last night.

St. John's heart warmed. Then Blanche had been here, after all! She had thought better of her words, and brought her sweet presence to lighten this poor sick-chamber.

'I did tell some ladies about you night," he said, with a glad smile. And as he spoke his eyes fell on something beyond the basket of fruit—a tiny glass, holding a fragrant spray of little white flowers-a cluster

waxen, white hyacinths. He recalled the flowers Juliet had dropped the night before—he had never seen Blanche wear any like them, and the doubt came back

'That is sweetest of all," said the little girl: "the lovely lady brought them, too; they are

her favorite flowers, she said. I never had any so pretty before. "Was she a tall lady, with light hair?" he

'No, sir; she was a little lady, with dark

hair and such pretty brown eyes. "She was one of earth's angels, I am sure of that," said the child's mother, fervently. "She promised to come again, and I am so

glad," said the child. And St. John felt that he was glad, too, and mehow it was Juliet's face, instead of Blanche Heyford's, which followed him all day,

He did not go to Mr. Heyford's again for two When he did go, neither of the ladies asked after his little waif, and he volunteered no information. But he noticed that Juliet's face colored and

wore a conscious look when his glance rested upon it. And in the sick-room he found almost daily traces of her presence It was two or three weeks, however, and the

little invalid was slowly but surely recovering, before they met there. Then Juliet was much confused, and would have made her escape as soon as she could. St. John, however, rose to accompany her

when she left, and, when they were in the street together, he said: Miss Juliet, the day is almost like sprin

I want you to take a little ramble in the Park "If Blanche would not be uneasy at my absence-" hesitated Juliet. "I will take charge of Blanche's uneasiness

and of you, too, so come," he said, smiling and drawing her hand through his arm. So Juliet submitted, and let him take her to the Park. It was not long before they wandered to a secluded nook in the Ramble, and, be-

fore a little rustic summer-house, St. paused. "It is warm and sunny enough to rest here a little," said he. "Let us go in." They went in and sat down.

"Now," said St. John, "I want to tell you why I brought you here. May I?"

to tremble without knowing why.

But St. John appeared in no haste to tell her,

after all. He sat quite silent a few moments, then suddenly he bent forward, threw his arm around Juliet and in a few swift words told her something she had never guessed at.
"But, Blanche?" she whispered, half-draw-

ing from his clasping arm.

"I will be truthful—I was near loving Blanche. Do you remember the night you dropped the flowers from your hair at my

"Oh, yes."
"That night, for the first time, I read Blanche's heart and yours aright. I found you out the very next day, my little good angel, by the little white flowers you left in Ellen's sick-room. I have known all your goodness, darling, and it is you, not Blanche, I want. Say, Juliet, may I have you, pet?"

And Juliet, yielding up a sweet secret, long hidden in her own heart, said yes, and gave her sweet mouth to St. John's earnest, almost

olemn betrothal kiss.

And Blanche? Blanche was a little disappointed, but she was too selfish to love enough o suffer much, so she consoled herself with the thought that there were plenty of better (richer, she meant,) matches left, and she was quite willing Juliet should have Lester St. John.

## LEAVES

# From a Lawyer's Life.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

## Tried For Her Life.

THE cold November winds rattled my office vindows, and rushed against the door as if striving to enter and make sad havoc among the various books and papers scattered over the writing-table. The little sign that hung above the door creaked ominously as it swung in the wind, bearing to the view of passers-by the an-

Y. A. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

But I, the humble occupant of the dingy little office, paid but little heed to the elements raging without, for, seated in my old arm-chair, with my feet on the fender of the grate, and my head thrown back into my hands clasped behind it, I was deep in reverie.

A year ago to-day! Yes, one long, weary year of waiting and watching for clients who failed to come. A year that had brought me nothing but a bare subsistence.

Should I stick to it another year, or should I abandon the law, and engage in some other pursuit? These and kindred questions occupied my mind, and I glanced at my seedy habilinents. Coat out at elbows, a white cotton sock peeping out of the side of my boot, and a general appearance of rustiness that spoke of

"Stick to it, my boy; perseverance wins."
The words of my old preceptor came to my
mind. Yes, I'd stick!

Suddenly my door opened, the cool air rushed in; enter my special friend, Doctor John Kinney. With a bang he closed the door, and dropped into a vacant chair, without uttering

Now Kinney was a young man of about my age, who had been more successful in his chosen profession than I had in mine. He could wear the best of broadcloth and laugh at trouble, for his was a sunny, generous nature. But why this sudden exhibition of discontent and even despair, which his look and manner indi-

cated? "Well, what's up now?" I demanded.

"Trouble, Smith; a deuced mess," he answer ed, shortly

'Humph! been taking some of your own medicine?' Worse than that, Smith somebody else has and that is just the rub. But, haven't you

heard the news?"
"News? No, I haven't heard of anything

"Old March is dead! poisoned; and Nelly March arrested for the crime!"

"Whew! how did that happen? Tell me all about it."

And then his tongue loosened and he told me the strange story. Nelly March was the niece of an eccentric and wealthy old gentleman, Ho ratio March, and had been adopted by him and aised and educated from the time of her widowed mother's death, when Nelly was but eight

Rich and childless, he had opened his bache lor heart and taken in the little orphan girl, determined to make her the sole heir to all his

At eighteen. Nelly was a beautiful and ac complished lady, gay and fond of society, and indulged by her uncle in all her heart could

wish. But lately, Horatio March had been quite ill, and young Doctor Kinney had been called in to attend him. His illness was not of a ser ious nature, but after being confined to his room some three weeks he was convalescent, when suddenly he was seized with violent symptoms

The circumstances were such that suspicions had been aroused and the coroner's inquest developed the fact that Horatio March had died of poison, but by whom administered it was not conjectured

Suspicion naturally pointed to Nelly, who had been his nurse, and the tongue of scandal took up the tale and reported that she had poisoned her old uncle in order that she might the sooner come into possession of his wealth Hence, Nelly March had been arrested for the

John paused when he had related this much and sat stolidly gazing into the fire. I waited for him to speak, but he remained apparently absorbed in thought.

"Well, Kinney," said I, "this is a singular thing, indeed; it looks bad for Miss Nelly, as she had sole charge of Mr. March during his illness But of course she is innocent. There is some great mistake, evidently.

'Of course she is innocent, my dear Smith of course she is; but how to establish it? Hea-

And my eyes were then opened to another fact; John Kinney was in love with Nelly

Rising suddenly he exclaimed: "And now, my dear boy, you must help me out of this trouble—you must clear Miss Nelly. I am authorized to employ you as

junior counsel; old Grubbs has already been retained. Here is your retainer," and thrust a bill into my hand and hurriedly left I looked at the note. One hundred dollars

Was I awake? or had I only been dreaming? No; here was the money. And at last I had a

It is needless to say how I put my mind to this case. I hurried off to consult with old my den.

"I suppose you may," said Juliet, beginning Grubbs about it, and found him completely nonplussed by the fearful array of facts against our client. But I felt convinced that Nelly March was innocent, and set to work to find the proof. For a long time I was baffled at every turn, and came near giving up in despair, but I gave it my whole attention, and at last was rewarded by a gleam of hope, and finally I could see my way clearly. But I kept my secret even from old Grubbs, and impatiently awaited the day of trial.

It came at last, and it was with difficulty I could keep myself sufficiently cool and clearneaded.

The evidence offered by the State in prose cution was circumstantially clear and decisive, and Grubbs felt despondent, while the poor, unhappy prisoner was overwhelmed with grief. I saw that the popular feeling was against her, and the stolid jury were little affected by her tears. At length the witnesses for the defense were called, and Doctor Kinney was placed in the witness box. His testimony elicited nothing but the fact that, on the morning of the death of Mr. March, he had sent, by his officeboy, some calomel for his patient, which was the only medicine that had been used for near-

It was in vain that Grubbs questioned our witnesses; no testimony of a favorable nature

"Let David Spike be called," said I.
Accordingly David Spike, a sleepy-looking
youth of eighteen, took his stand, and I began to examine him. "What is your occupation, David?"

"Student with Doctor Kinney," he answered, briefly. I proceeded, and by dint of much questioning brought from him the following evidence: On the morning in question, Doctor Kinney had ordered him to make out three half-grain doses of calomel, and take them to Mr.

"Have you been accustomed to compound

prescriptions?" I asked.
"I have. I always prepare the doctor's prescriptions, and see that medicines are delivered.

and their properties?"
"Yes, sir. I have made that a study, and think I can give the Latin name of most drugs

used in practice."
"Very well, Mr. Spike; will you give me
the Latin name for calomel?"

he answered, confidently "What kind of a bottle did you keep that particular drug in?" "A six-ounce white glass bottle with glass

jury.
"Yes, sir, that is the identical bottle. I recognize it by certain marks made by myself on the label."

pervaded the entire court-room.

"Now, Mr. Spike," I continued, "what position on the shelf did this bottle occupy! Was

Were there any poisons near it?" "No, sir; we keep all the poisonous drugs on shelf by themselves."

similar name to this?" "Not exactly, sir. There are other preparations of mercury whose names are similar in

one similar in size and shape to the other.
"Yes, sir," and the witness' voice trembled

"Give its Latin name, and also its common Hydrargyri Chloridum Corrosi Latin, or Corrosive Sublimate in English," and

his face paled still more. A glance at Doctor Kinney showed me he was very much agitated. He leaned forward and watched intently my face and the face of his student, and I saw in his eyes a gleam of light as though he already divined what was

"A deadly poison," he replied, almost inaudibly. you know where this bottle was placed?"

What is the nature of corrosive sublimate?"

mercury. And now I was forced to come directly to

side?" "I could, undoubtedly," he answered, more

Were these bottles side by side on the shelf at that time?" 'I could not say positively; I don't recol-

"When?" The witness here burst into tears, and amid nis sobs told that he had noticed the two bottles together on the afternoon of the same day,

but thought nothing of it. Other testimony was produced to show that death had been caused by an overdose of corrosive sublimate, and the poor student was over whelmed with the conviction that he, in his hurry, had made the fatal mistake.

arose to reply in the midst of perfect silence. What I said I know not; but I dwelt upon the testimony and upon the utter improbability of crime upon the part of the fair prisoner, and

dict of not guilty.

A shout that could not be repressed rose

court room and took refuge in my den. Poor Spike, the student, disappeared from

To-day Doctor John Kinney is the happy husband of Nelly, and the poor little office has enlarged and brightened until it is no longer

ould he procure.

March's, with directions that the doctor himself wrote out.

"Do you profess to be thoroughly acquainted with the medical names of various drugs,

"Yes, sir; it is Hydrargyri Chloridum Mite,"

stopper."
"Do you recognize this as a similar bottle?" asked I, holding it up to view of witness and

All eyes were bent upon us, and a silence

it alone or among others?" "It was among other medicines of that

"Is there any other medicine or drug with a

part."
"Do you recognize this bottle?" holding up

somewhat.

"Usually among the poisons, but sometimes it was left among the other preparations of

"Could you easily distinguish between the labels on these two bottles, given as they are, abbreviated, if they should be placed side by

firmly. "Were you in a hurry the morning you made up that medicine?" He hesitated. "I was anxious to get off in time to post a letter I had written, and may have been in a hurry.

'Did you see them together afterward?" Yes-sir," falteringly.

The arguments of the counsel for the prose cution were short and of little avail, and I

then sat down, shaking with nervousness.

The jury retired after the charge of the court, and in five minutes returned with a ver-

from the multitude, and old Grubb grasped my hand and congratulated me, while Doctor Kinney, with tears of joy in his eyes, led the now freed Nelly up to me, and she thanked me for the manner in which I had defended her I could stand no more, but rushed from the

our community, and none knew where he